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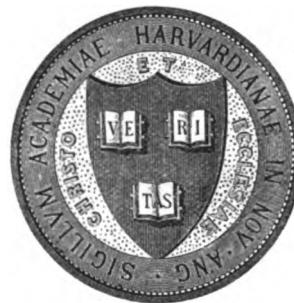
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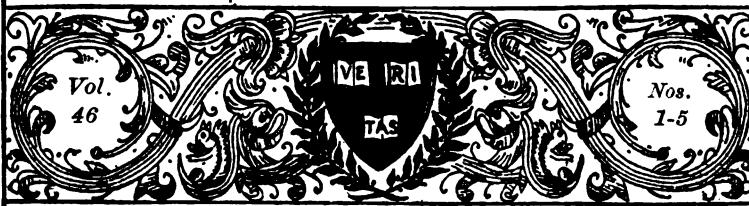
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The aim of the MONTHLY is, primarily, to preserve as far as possible the best literary work that is produced in college by undergraduates; and, secondly, to furnish a field for the discussion of all questions relating to the policy and the condition of the University. In the accomplishment of these aims the MONTHLY invites the co-operation of the students and the alumni.

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An Editor will be in the Sanctum every day except Saturday, from 1.30 to 2.30 P.M., to confer with the candidates about their work.

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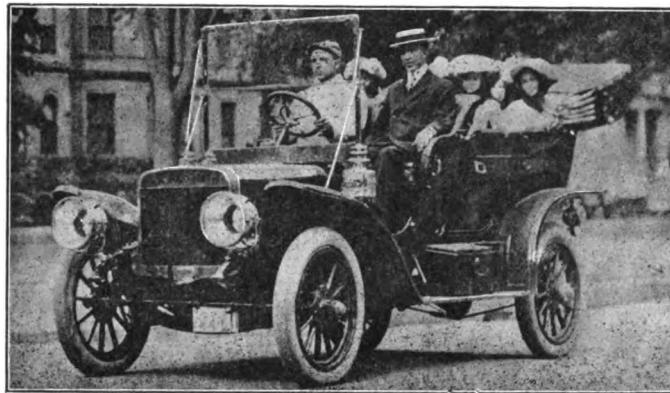
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THE
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MARCH, 1908

No. 1

FINANCING OUR ATHLETICS: PRESENT AND PROPOSED

With the recent appearance of the report of the Graduate Treasurer of Athletics, interest has very naturally centered on Harvard's method of financing the many teams and organizations whose balance sheets appear on the report. For more than a year now there has been more or less discussion of what has generally been believed to be the useless and harmful complexity of the system in vogue, and the publication of new statistics has brought the question squarely to a head. The object of this article will be, therefore, to point out the evident infeasibility of continuing under the present plan, and to suggest what, in the opinion of the writer and of others who have given the matter careful consideration, seems to be the most desirable way to get our athletics, and especially the minor teams, on a more healthy financial basis.

As we all know, there is now in existence a rule of the Athletic Committee imposing upon the minor teams the impossible task of supporting themselves either by selling tickets or soliciting subscriptions from members of the University. By minor teams are meant all but the University football, baseball, and track teams, and the crew. But the rule goes further. It demands that the track and crew managements shall raise each year a considerable sum by subscription, to be used towards defraying the expenses of these sports, which, because of their small schedules and high expenses, cannot come anywhere near self-support in any other way. This rule was first passed on the false supposition that a team which is not sufficiently important to be self-supporting does not deserve a position in the University at the expense of those teams which are more popular. I cannot see the strength of

this argument. Certainly if a team is to exist under the name of Harvard, it should be given every possible chance to prove its worth to those men who do support it, even if it does not appeal to the University as a whole. But it is not necessary to refute the argument in detail. The pernicious effects have far outweighed any advantages the rule may once have possessed.

Practically every undergraduate has been visited annually by the various aspirants to managership honors. They have come to us at all hours of the day or night, pleading that the crew, or the track team, or the hockey and basket-ball associations may receive the support they deserve. They make out lists of the Freshmen living in the entries to which they have been assigned, and visit them first, because the wide awake candidates know that a Freshman is ignorant of the real conditions and is likely to be affected by the plea for money. To the older men they generally vary their argument, pointing out the hardship of self-support and the fact that the enormous surplus of the Athletic Association cannot help them. It is a well-known fact, however, admitted by the Graduate Treasurer in his report to the committee, that it is becoming harder and harder to raise a satisfactory amount by subscription. This is due to no falling off in the loyalty of the teams' supporters, but to the prevalence of the opinion that the Association is "cutting off its nose to spite its face." It is believed that an organization with an annual surplus of from twelve to twenty-seven thousand dollars scarcely needs to glean a few more thousands from the students. The deplorable efforts at self-support have been unavailing, and what has been collected has been to a great extent the result of the ignorance of Freshmen and the enterprise of the candidates, who have pleaded their own cases well and worked upon the sympathy of acquaintances and friends.

Last year the crew candidates collected \$681.50. The track team did much better, getting altogether \$1,873.80. Minor sports succeeded in accumulating sums varying from \$38.60 for the swimming team to \$1,895.08 for hockey. The latter collected a larger amount than any other team. Including all the Freshman sports there were collected by subscription last year \$9,115.94.

Another year, I believe, will show this sum considerably reduced; for one of the strongest arguments of the collector, his personal plea for help in the competition, is failing with the general realization that the managers do not base their choice entirely upon the amount collected. Mere soliciting subscriptions is no test of a man's ability to manage a team, and no one realizes this more than the managers. The crew, especially, has felt itself at an enormous disadvantage, and has practically broken away from the money restriction altogether. None of the managers in their selections this year counted the money as an absolutely deciding factor. The problem of how managers may best be chosen is a very real one, and will soon have to be met, even if the subscription nuisance continues. If the present competition dies with the subscriptions, it will simply mean that a solution must be found at once and the goal towards which we are tending will be that much sooner reached.

It is beside the question under discussion to take up possible substitutes for the competition by soliciting money, but in passing I cannot resist offering a suggestion which I believe will have to be adopted sooner or later. There are a great many who believe it to be absolutely infeasible. Let the managers and captains nominate three to five men who they believe are competent to undertake the work, and who have previously signified their wish to be considered. A majority vote of the class from which they have been chosen should then decide the winner.

From what has been said it is evident that as a competition collecting subscriptions is a farce. As a method of financing teams it is not only objectionable, but absolutely impossible. The figures of the Treasurer's report show that the hockey and tennis teams alone lived up to the requirements of self-support, and with the latter were included the receipts from the tennis courts. The deficits had to be met out of the general fund. In other words, the rule is now a dead letter as far as any possible advantages are concerned, but its evils are as active as ever. In the midst of the present move towards more sport and less money in our athletics the Association is forcing a commercial spirit upon the minor managers in a very effectual way. The

one glaring example of this is the basket-ball game in Mechanics Hall — necessary because the team must cater to the public in order at least to make the effort to meet expenses. There is but one good effect of the rule as it exists, which, it certainly seems, could be obtained in a much more desirable way. It prevents extravagances in management that might otherwise be indulged in.

Suppose, then, we abolish subscriptions altogether and throw open the general fund for support of all teams. The Association will immediately be deprived of something over \$9,000, which would have reduced last year's surplus to \$2,524.53. In 1905-06 it would have left \$18,700.18. This evident decrease in surplus during the past year was due almost entirely to smaller football receipts, which in turn may be attributed to the fact that the Yale game was played at New Haven. Harvard's share of the receipts was \$10,000 less than the year before, when the game was played at Cambridge. Glancing over the surpluses of recent years, I find it safe to assume that last year's surplus was unusually small.

A repetition of the small surplus, without the \$9,000 collected from subscriptions, might mean a considerable delay in paying off the Stadium debt, as well as lack of funds for two much-needed improvements, which the Graduate Treasurer suggests in his report—the erection of a fireproof baseball stand and the reclaiming of unimproved parts of Soldiers Field for the use of class and scrub teams. The latter, I believe, is practically a necessity.

We must, therefore, in order to be rid of the evils complained of, be able to suggest a way of maintaining an ample yearly surplus. Barring possible savings in the expenses of the teams,—a factor too little considered heretofore, but which will undoubtedly play a larger part in the future,—the only way to do this is to provide a more stable income from the games played.

During the year when there were no H. A. A. season tickets the track team, left to its own resources, did not draw so large an income as when thrown in with the general inducements on a common ticket. No share of the general receipts could then be credited to the track account. There is no reason why the same principle should not apply

to all the minor teams. Let the Association issue a blanket ticket for \$8.00 or thereabouts, admitting to all but the most important games on every Harvard schedule, and giving the same privileges in applying for Yale game seats as the present H. A. A. season ticket. Such a ticket could hardly fail to sell fully as well as the H. A. A., for not only would the price be low in comparison to privileges granted, but every man who wished to attend the important games would be compelled to buy. The rise in price could meet with little adverse criticism, for it would simply mean that the athletics were being centralized and absolute value given for money received.

The results of this change may easily be summarized. The Association would get three dollars a year more from each ticket-holder than it does at present, which would fully compensate for the loss of subscription money. Moreover, the principle that experience has taught us about the income of the track team would be operating to increase the sale of the blanket ticket and so to affect in proportion the income of each team. This would more than make up for the loss of the money now received from the sale of season tickets for the minor games. All the teams would be just as self-supporting as they are at present, if not more so, and the general surplus would remain the same, to be used in paying off the debt on the Stadium and in making such improvements as the Athletic Committee finds necessary.

How much more simple it would be to buy a blanket ticket for all games at \$8.00, and to feel sure that no persistent candidates were coming to dun us for unlimited amounts. How much better it would be for the managers to feel sure of a fixed percentage of the general income, and not to have to go through a hard season with money their chief ambition and aim. It is high time to do away with impracticable and detrimental requirements, and to put in their place a more centralized system, by which we shall not be deprived of any real improvements, but at the same time shall be well rid of our present complaints.

Allen W. Hinkel.

THE SECRET OF THE SPHINX

Across the yellow sands we saw him ride,
Wrapped in a flaming cloud of yellow dust,
And, since the times were rife with rumored war,
Rushed to the gates. But when the horse had stopped,
And that wild offspring of the desert leaped
Down to the earth, and waved his arms, and stared,—
Speaking no word,—we thought him mad, and closed
Him in, and bound him. Through the night he lay
As one in fever, or as one who sees
Some fearful vision of the after-world;
And so three nights and days; but on the fourth
He told his tale; and on the fifth, he died.

Mohammed Khan — so ran the tale — and I
Had lived as brothers. On the desert's edge
We played as children, piling the bright grains,
That gleamed like flakes of sunshine, till the wind
Arose and smote our mounds. And, larger grown,
Rode with the lurching camel when the train
Wound its slow way across the shifting wastes,
And lay at night upon the self-same mat.
At last our ways divided, nor did each
See other more, till, lo! a month agone,
Swift as the sand-spout or the smiting wind
He came, and whispered, “Up! we will go where
The stone-eyed Sphinx looks on the sandy floors,
And for an hundred hundred years has sat
Locking her secret. But I know the charm:
A wild and whirling dervish taught it me,
And then he died. And we shall go, and learn.

And every man of every after-time
Shall know her wisdom; be no longer teased,
As we, and all our fathers ever were,
Yearning to know."

And so we rode. The sand
Burned ever upward, and the sky burned down.
Our lips were cracked, and in our mouths the tongue
Clave to the roof. Our steeds — the fleetest blood
Of famed Arabian sires coursed in their veins —
Grew thin and blear of eye — and still we rode.
And evermore the cankerous thought would come,
"Are we so teased? Rather, are we not blessed?
What if the secret be some dolorous word
That we should live in happy ignorance of
Lest it destroy us?" Yet, I spake no word.
And then we saw, afar,
Lit by the red glow of the expiring sun,
The Pyramid's sharp point. "The morrow born,
And we shall rein our steeds beside the Sphinx,
Pronounce the charm — and know!" Mohammed Khan
Exulting cried, and tossed his arms, and whirled,
And whirled, and tossed his arms, and fell, and slept.
And then there shrilled a voice from out the waste,
Rising and falling with the shifting winds,
A wild, weird voice, that ever shrieked, "The curse
Of all thy children's children shall be thine!
The fruit of knowledge is a bitter fruit,
And he that eats thereof shall surely die."
And I recalled how once an Hebrew came,
Dark haired, dark hued, from o'er the Eastern sea,
And how he told of that first garden, and
The fruit forbidden, and the curse that fell
On whomsoever tasted — and the curse ran,
"And he that eats thereof shall surely die."

The wailing ceased, and the scant moon, till then
Hid by the clouds, slipped forth, and shot a gleam
Which fell, and glanced along my blade; and I
Swung it aloft, and struck. Mohammed Khan
Nor spake, nor stirred. And I, because we two
Had played as children on the wind-swept sands,
And on the self-same mat had slept as boys,
Leaped on my horse, nor looked behind, but fled.
And ever as I rode there came a voice,
Wailing and shrieking from the wastes, "The curse
On thee, and on thy children's children's child!
Thou hast the secret which the Sphinx has locked
Safe in her breast these hundred hundred years."

Then all aghast I stopped. The secret? I?
Had I not slain Mohammed Khan that we
Might 'scape the secret? Then the full truth came,
Breaking upon me, as the sun that bursts,
Riving the cloud-wrack that obscures his face:
"The fruit of knowledge is a bitter fruit,
And he that eats thereof shall surely die"—
This was the riddle of the stone-eyed Sphinx!

And this was in the evening, the fourth day;
And on the morning of the fifth he died.

P. A. Hutchison.

*THE TRYST OF THE PRINCESS YVONNE**I*

The Princess Yvonne de Guesclin was seated in the big turret window which looked out over the cold blue Terenian Sea. She was supposed to be busied with the weaving of a tapestry this warm, lilac-scented May afternoon, but instead her thoughts were lost in dreaming: in dreaming of a summer afternoon now nearly a twelvemonth gone.

She recalled it all that bygone afternoon most vividly: how Lewaine, her maid, had slipped away to talk with Ghebert, the young captain of the guard; how the soldiers had been drowsing in the shade, and how she had stolen away unnoticed and wandered down the shore. It was there, while she was already wearying of the sand, the shells, the flowers, and the sunshine, that the dark-haired stranger had found her, and they had worn away the afternoon with tales and laughter, until the sound of Ghebert's shouting had awakened the princess from her play.

The stranger started up, his hand upon his sword, and dropped the wreath of harebells she was weaving him. The princess, too, stood up, and just as the flowers fluttered from her fingers to the ground the laughter faded from her eyes. Whether he read aught save his own danger written in her fear, not even the stranger knew. He looked at the grave little face a moment, then caught her up in his arms and kissed her upon the lips, upon the golden hair.

"We shall not meet them now, little one," he said, "but when the harebells blow again I shall come for you."

While Yvonne was fighting with her blushes and the redness of her anger, Ghebert rounded a curve of the beach, and the stranger had vanished in the forest.

All that was eleven months and more agone, and already the violets were passing from the hills behind the castle. A few weeks more would bring again the harebells along the cliffs. Yvonne watched the blue-black aspens sparkle silver as a little sea breeze tipped their leaves, and her hands moved listlessly out and in among the colored threads.

II

There came a knock upon the tower door, and the princess' dreams were interrupted. The door opened, and the Count de Gonval, her step-father, entered. The girl arose from the seat by the window, courtesied low and remained standing. The count held a paper in his hand, and from the broken seal she knew that it must be a letter.

"My daughter," he began, when his breath, which the steepness of the tower stairs had troubled, was his own again, "I have here a most grave insult to you and to the house of Gonval. Baron Gil, the seventh of the pirate breed of Davneck Rock, has asked your hand in marriage." Yvonne did not reply, and the little keen-eyed man, watching her closely, went on:

"The baron is an old man and a bloody villain." Still the girl did not seem interested. "Well," thought the count, "it should be easier then."

"It has come upon me," he continued, "that this nest of robbers which has troubled these seas so long should cease to be."

Yvonne looked up wearily. "Am I to be of your council, sir? Matters pertaining to your state and to your expectations do not interest me."

The count flushed with anger. "To be brief, my daughter, I wish that you may sign this letter which we have written to Baron Gil. It is our hope that it will lead him to visit Gonval with small attendance, in which case the mercy of the good God will deliver him into our hands."

The princess turned upon her step-father quickly. "I care nothing for your wishes, my lord, and I will have no part in tricking men to their deaths, not even robbers of Davneck Rock."

"That is all, then." The count turned towards the door, smiling to himself as he glanced at the broken seal of the inner folder of the baron's letter. Reaching the door, he paused. "I had nearly forgotten, Yvonne, but the council has decided that, for the peace of your principality, it will be necessary for your marriage with Prince Tiron to take place within ten days."

The princess' face paled slightly, and she pressed her hand to her throat, where the helplessness of her anger seemed choking her. The count's hand was already on the handle of the door when she took a hurried step after him and touched his arm. "But you promised it should wait a month," she faltered.

"Tiron has grown weary of your waiting," he replied, "as have I. But here—" his voice was more than usually unpleasant as he sought to conciliate—"here is the letter to the lord of Davneck. Sign it and the marriage will be at your pleasure. Come, why do you hesitate?" he went on. "Have not he and his carried death and ruin to our coasts these hundred years? Did not his fath—he burn Gonval twenty years ago when your brothers were slain?" The count was losing his patience rapidly. "Have you no family honor, no desire for vengeance? Here is this murderer to be delivered unto his just punishment, and you refuse to help me!" He took her roughly by the shoulder. "Do you think that you can balk my wishes? Sign this or, by Mary in heaven, you shall wed Tiron to-morrow!"

The girl shrank away from his touch; her face was white. "And you say he is old and has married Gonval many times and slew my brothers?"

The count saw her weakening and pressed the pen into her hand as he held out the written parchment.

III

It was the day of the visit of the Baron Gil, and he was expected shortly after sunset. Early in the afternoon the ambush party had been posted among the trees by the river's mouth to fall upon him when he landed, and Yvonne, from her tower window, saw all these

preparations with a fresh horror of her deed. All the afternoon she had sat there, fumbling and fumbling with her beads, her eyes hot with unshed tears for the aged robber of Davneck Rock. At last, worn out with her grief, she had fallen asleep, and Lewaine had stolen away to the lower hall.

It was well towards midnight when Yvonne awoke, and the moon was streaming in through the tower window. In some way the stillness of the summer night seemed interrupted. She sat up and listened. Then she remembered and knew that it was the ambush party returning from the trap which she had set.

The faint sounds grew louder. They were coming up to the castle now. She leaned out of the window and looked down. She could see them dimly through the trees, and as they came nearer the moonlight glittered on the pikes and on the head-pieces, and she saw that they were carrying men on litters, and that others limped supported on their comrades' shoulders. The straggling line wound up the slope to the gate, passed over the bridge into the court, and all was quiet again.

Some minutes passed, and then Lewaine, tear-stained of face and excited with the importance of her news, burst into the room. "O my lady," she began, "they have taken him, and he is dying! He had ten men who fought like devils! Ghebert's brother, Penmar, is killed and six of the guard—one was Jearen, who sat with me yestereven—and many pikemen!" Lewaine threw herself upon the bed in a renewed flood of weeping.

Yvonne sat down beside her and placed her hand upon the head of the sobbing girl. She shuddered, and her eyes felt hot and dry. She had not thought at all about the others, and Ghebert's brother was among them.

"And the robber baron asked to see you, and Ghebert would not bring the word—and—oh, I am glad that they are going to torture him!" sobbed Lewaine.

Yvonne started up and slipped a small dagger from the wall. "He is dying, you say, Lewaine, and wishes to see me?" She had

concealed the dagger in the bosom of her dress. "To curse me for his death, perhaps. Well, I shall go to him. Take me down, Lewaine."

"But, my lady," whimpered the girl, fearing that perhaps she had spoken too much, "he is in the big hall, and they have not dressed his wounds, and Ghebert—" As the girl looked in the face of her mistress, her protestations suddenly died away, and with a new note of fear amidst her sobbing she led the way down the turret stairs.

Ghebert saw them before they reached the end of the corridor and came forward. He was still covered with the blood and disorder of the fight, and Lewaine, frightened of her lover, slipped behind her mistress.

"You must return at once to the tower," began Ghebert, in his harsh official voice, but it was a strange Yvonne who answered him.

"Be silent, Ghebert! You forget! I am Lady of Gonval. I wish to see the Baron Davneck, who is wounded."

"But, my lady," stammered Ghebert; then, before her rising anger, he and his excuses faltered. He motioned the men aside and led the way to the great hall, pausing outside the door. "My lady, the baron is within; I have the guard here in the corridor." He held the door open and stood, uncertain whether or not to accompany her.

"That is all." Then she was alone, and the door closed upon Ghebert, the whispering guard, and the torches sputtering in the sconces.

The hall was darker than the corridor, lighted only by the dying embers in the huge fireplace. Two settles had been drawn across, their high backs shutting in a little space before the fire. On one of them was a pile of cloaks, and, lying on the cloaks, she saw the figure of a man. Summoning all her courage, she walked bravely across the uneven flagstones towards the quiet figure in the firelight. Her feet made little sound upon the stones, and evidently he did not hear her, for he did not move the arm which was thrown across his face in the shadow of the settle.

When she reached his side, she paused. A little flame was flickering from a log which had fallen in two, and by its light she saw the

cloaks of the guard, on which he lay, and his helmet and breastplate, taken off and thrown upon the floor. He was clad in a loose leathern shirt. She could see the dark stain about the neck and shoulder, and the wounds upon his forearm, where the blood had dried on them.

"Sir," she faltered, "I am here — Yvonne of Gonval —"

The hand was drawn back slowly, and he looked at her. For a moment she stood motionless as she gazed at the heavy black curls and the dark eyes, restless now with pain, — the eyes of the stranger of her dreams. Then, with a little sob, she fell upon her knees at his side, and buried her golden head in the blood-stained shoulder.

L. D. Cox.

SOLOMON'S SHIP

(From Abbey's Frieze of Sir Galahad)

Onward blown by the full night breeze,
Cleaving a-foam the crested seas,
Over the waste of waters dark,
Kneeling astern in my driven barque,
Seaward I sail for the Holy Grail.

Bright in the prow, with wings of light,
Softly radiant in the night,
Lo, the angel of the Lord
Bears all brilliant my reward,—
Chalice ashine with blood divine.

Crimson rim of sunset glow
Paints the far horizon low,
Glimmer of the dying west,
Symbol of my sacred quest —
As on I sail for the Holy Grail.

J. T. Addison.

*TAKING A CITY: HOW THE WABASH RAILROAD
ENTERED PITTSBURGH*

I. The City

Almost hidden in a depression among the new elevated yard tracks of the Pennsylvania Railroad, in down-town Pittsburgh, is a little block-house known as Fort Duquesne. There the curious traveler who is in Pittsburgh for other than commercial purposes can see a frontier fort which withstood French and Indian attacks in Colonial days, and near which the youthful Washington won his spurs. The fort seems ridiculously small and frail; yet to Pittsburghers of to-day it is a constant reminder of years when sudden assaults and sieges were of vital concern to every inhabitant of the then frontier settlement.

But a sightseer in the coming century will not, one may venture to say, spend all of his time musing on the pre-Revolutionary structure of Fort Duquesne. Little more than a block away is a far more splendid monument,—a monument to one of the most remarkable sieges in history. And though in the coming century it too may be only a quaint old landmark, to-day it is the Eastern terminal of a great and growing transportation system,—the new Pittsburgh passenger station of the Wabash Railroad.

Providence, which made Fort Duquesne so valuable to Colonial America, made Pittsburgh the "traffic gold-mine" of the United States. Pittsburgh is the natural transfer point between West and East. It is our great interstate port of entry, and more. Figures become fabulous, incredible, when one reads them in reports of the resources and wealth of the Pittsburgh District. For instance, it is the center of 100,000 square miles of bituminous coal lands, as compared with 11,000 square miles, which is *all* of Great Britain's! It is the pivot of American glass, iron, and steel industries. Its products range from armor-plate to tacks, exclusive of an annual output of

3,500,000 tons of pig iron. Pottery, brick, petroleum, all sorts of electrical appliances, air brakes, etc., serve to swell the bulletins of the Pittsburgh Chamber of Commerce. And to cap all this, Pittsburgh originates not only the largest freight tonnage of any city in the world, but this tonnage is more than five times larger than that of either New York or London!

And when the Wabash Railroad determined to enter the city, Pittsburgh's immense traffic was the exclusive province of the Pennsylvania Railroad and two insignificant lines to the Great Lakes.

The value of this vast freight to the Pennsylvania was enormous. In 1903 the lines east of Pittsburgh earned \$165,000 per mile. Years of possession had confirmed the Pennsylvania's belief that this traffic mine was its own private property, and no means had been neglected to render the tenure permanent. By absorbing competing lines in the early days, by blocking with freight yards and net-works of tracks almost every little creek valley which might tempt an invader, and by constant vigilance and readiness to defeat any competition at home, the Pennsylvania Railroad in its native state, and especially in the mountain fastnesses of Pittsburgh, could smile at foes.

II. Wars and Rumors of War

But he laughs best who laughs last. Troubles began for the Pennsylvania in Pittsburgh with the prosperity of McKinley's first administration. Vast crops and the splendid business outlook stimulated American industries to a point before unheard of. Manufacturing records of all kinds were broken. Business strained railroad equipment to the breaking-point. With warehouses, mills, and shops overflowing, shippers implored the railroads to furnish cars; and in vain. The freight yards in and about Pittsburgh were jammed with traffic. And the Pennsylvania Railroad, striving in every way to move its enormous share of a traffic five times that of London, had to bear the blame of inefficiency in the very hour of prosperity.

Those closing years of the nineteenth century were an era of astonishing industrial activity of all kinds. Railroads grew with un-

precedented rapidity. Small lines were everywhere combined into great systems. New routes were discovered and preëmpted. And those years will go down in history as marking the acme of railroad growth and aggressive foresight.

Phenomenal activity such as this, is, of course, rife with struggles. Those were the years when Harriman's reorganized Union Pacific was leaping into new prominence; when the Alton was ripped to pieces and remade into the splendid line it is to-day; when the Vanderbilt lines were growing in all directions, fighting as they grew; when the great Merger Case was before the Supreme Court of the United States. And it was in this period of restlessness and expansion that Joseph Ramsey, Jr., president of Gould's system, the Wabash Railroad, saw an opportunity to put into effect his secretly cherished plan of extending that railroad into the stronghold of the Pennsylvania, — Pittsburgh.

Pittsburgh is unique for other things than its wealth. Nature has fortified it strangely like a mediæval castle, and railroad men had grown to look upon the city as unassailable. Railroad astuteness had manned it financially and politically, Nature had fortified it physically. To picture the natural fortifications about this remarkable city in the Alleghany Mountains, imagine a capital Y, the stem of the letter pointing northwestward. This stem is the Ohio River, which originates at Pittsburgh by the junction of the Allegheny River — the left arm of the Y — with the Monongahela — the right arm. Thus, to the south and west, the Monongahela and Ohio rivers act as wide moats. And starting abruptly from the river-banks are high granite cliffs which form precipitous counterscarps, rising into rocky hills. These granite hills are torn and furrowed as they slope to the south, forming a tedious glacis toward the possible invader. So fortified, the city seemed impregnable. If one were to get into Pittsburgh by other than established routes, he would have to burrow, swim, and fly.

All this the Wabash Railroad was prepared to do. The obstacles to be faced were enormous. Financial resources as great as its own would meet the attack. Politically the Pennsylvania Railroad was unquestionably supreme in its native state, and Pennsylvania influence in West Virginia and Ohio was a force to be reckoned with.

*III. The Breach **

But when the Fifty-sixth Congress had done its work and was impatiently hurrying through the usual débris of small bills which are left until the last days of each session, a representative from Pittsburgh and a Pennsylvania senator presented by request a joint resolution, authorizing the construction of a bridge across the Monongahela River at Pittsburgh, to accommodate a trolley line which aimed to reach the suburbs south of the city. Congress had authorized the construction of such a bridge many years before, but the right had lapsed.

This bridge was the breach through which the Wabash intended to enter Pittsburgh!

The bill passed unopposed and unnoticed in the rush of those closing days.

Before the watchful Pennsylvania Railroad officials had learned that this trolley permit masked bigger game, President Ramsey of the Wabash had secured Gould's permission to use \$25,000,000 in entering the city. At first the enormous expense of the move staggered the financier, but he was persuaded to the step by a secret promise of twenty-five per cent of the Carnegie Steel Company's immense Western freight tonnage. "In war, expense is the truest economy," as Pitt said. War agreed upon, Gould was not niggardly.

Before this time — the autumn of 1900 — the Wabash Railroad's eastern terminal had been Toledo, Ohio. When Ramsey was made vice-president of the Wabash in 1895, his road was facing the urgent necessity of terminals further east. The Wabash Railroad, it should be remembered, is a young line, in the very prime of youth; moreover, the vast Gould wealth is behind it. First a Buffalo terminal was won. This was a daring stroke, but a bolder one was planned when Ramsey secured Gould's permission to attack Pittsburgh. As luck would have it, the old Wheeling & Lake Erie Railroad — a single-track coal road, extending from Toledo southeastwardly across Ohio to the river — was for sale. There is a rumor that some time before the entire road

* For certain facts beyond the writer's personal knowledge, he is indebted to articles written during the struggle by Mr. John L. Cowan and Mr. Frank H. Spearman.

had been offered to Pennsylvania interests; but, if this is true, the line was thought so insignificant that the offer was ignored. This coal road would bring the Wabash within striking distance of Pittsburgh. Ramsey determined to buy it. Whether or no the Wheeling & Lake Erie had ever been offered to Pennsylvania men, their watchfulness was so keen that in the end Gould had to pay for a mere controlling interest in the stock, twice as much as the price originally asked for the entire stock and the railroad to boot!

With this purchase, Wabash intentions were manifest, and the Pennsylvania prepared for the inevitable.

At Jewett, Ohio, sixty miles west of Pittsburgh, a branch of the Wheeling & Lake Erie turns southeastward and finally curves northward along the Ohio River to reach Mingo and Steubenville, both important manufacturing cities on the state line between Ohio and West Virginia. One day Ramsey went down to Jewett and tramped across the rough hills to Mingo. Ramsey was born in Pittsburgh; naturally he knew the hills of western Pennsylvania. As a young man he entered the service of the Pennsylvania lines, and soon helped survey numerous lines through the mountains. There is a story among Pennsylvania men that while yet in their employ, in 1882, Ramsey laid out a line substantially the same as that followed by the Wabash so many years later in entering the city. Promotions and transfers were rapid for this young engineer. No railroad man better knew the Alleghany Mountains; moreover, Ramsey was no ordinary engineer. Like a successful general, he chose his ground, and he knew every inch of it. That afternoon's tramp was followed by a surveying party, and a line was promptly staked from Jewett to Mingo. Then the cat was out of the bag. Every one knew that an expensive line was not being run through rough Ohio hills merely to tap the steel mills at Mingo. A bigger prize was in view, and that prize was Pittsburgh. More important still, the route Ramsey intended to follow was now clear to the defenders.

Open war at once began. The Pennsylvania manned each gap and blocked each valley through which the Wabash might pass. The

bitterness of that fighting, its midnight raids, plots, counterplots, marches, and countermarches belong to the stories which are never told. Like a battle in the dark, only a glimpse here and there ever became public. One night, for instance, the Pennsylvania chopped down all Western Union telegraph poles on its right-of-way — because the Western Union was a Gould corporation! And the blow cost George Gould \$50,000. There was fighting all along the line. Ramsey was everywhere: with his engineers as they staked the line; with construction gangs as they built it; with the lawyers as they fought for it in the courts. With the Gould millions to back him, Ramsey faced the splendidly organized forces of the greatest railroad in the world; faced it on its own ground, and, in spite of all its opposition, drove it back step by step toward his goal. Countless injunctions were hurled at the invaders through the courts of Ohio, Pennsylvania, and West Virginia. Every legal means of preventing, blocking, or delaying the advance, was attempted. If restrained at one point, the Wabash turned to another, and the laying of the line went on. But by this time the most important strategic move of all had taken place in Pittsburgh itself.

IV. The Bridge

Suddenly it was patent to the Pennsylvania that Wabash interests were concealed behind that fateful trolley permit to bridge the Monongahela. News that contracts had been placed with steel mills for a cantilever bridge larger than any in the United States, came to the ears of astonished Pittsburghers. A gigantic concrete substructure slowly arose. Piece by piece shipments of steel arrived, — for the entire structure had to be made in a central Pennsylvania town, shipped to Pittsburgh, unloaded, raised, and fitted into place. The erection of the superstructure at last began, and seventy feet above "river stage" the two arms of a mammoth bridge slowly grew. Like the flying tower in a mediæval siege, this great bridge crept toward Pittsburgh, ready to pour into the city the forces of the Wabash. At the southern terminus of the bridge, where it ends at the face of those abrupt granite cliffs which had long sheltered the Pennsylvania lines,

sappers came to the aid of the bridge-builders and pierced the solid rock of Mount Washington with a tunnel 333 feet long. Outside, in the intricacies of the huge glacis, Wabash cohorts labored to lay the line. Like miners of old, they ran their tunnels, traverses, and parallels through hills and hollows. Dynamite tore the bastions of the mountains, and steam shovels hurled the ruins into the valleys. Fill after fill so huge as to appall experienced mountain engineers, tunnel after tunnel, bridge after bridge, until steel mills could not fill the orders: all these the legions of workmen built. Floods, land-slips, riots, and strikes delayed work at various stages. But Ramsey kept on, bold and hopeful.

And all this time that million-dollar bridge over the Monongahela hung impotent before the legal walls of Pittsburgh. For though her counterscarp was taken and her glacis filled with the enemy, political palisades remained. Pittsburgh was not won. The Supreme Court of Pennsylvania had sustained injunctions intended to prevent the completion of the Wabash bridge, and work in the city stopped. Through all this time, Pittsburgh councils had refused the invaders a right to acquire terminal facilities. If the councils persisted, the great bridge would be about as useful as a rainbow. Many people thought Ramsey could never enter, and regarded his bridge as merely a costly bluff. Fate, too, seemed eager to wreck Wabash hopes. One night a portion of the big cantilever collapsed, killing several men. Then a section of the million-dollar Greentree tunnel — the largest on the line — settled. An abandoned and forgotten coal-mine lay under it, and the tunnel floor sank. Repairs cost \$40,000. Hardest of all for the invaders, they delayed the advance six months.

But in the face of all adversities, Ramsey built on outside the city, trusting that Fate would smile at last.

V. At Last

In spite of the beleaguerment of their city, Pittsburghers had taken little interest in this railroad duel. Pittsburgh aldermen, under Pennsylvania Railroad influence, had for two long years refused ad-

mittance to the Wabash. Like a jealous garrison, the Pennsylvania stood guard at each loop-hole. But in the unforeseen way in which Fate sometimes works, public sentiment favorable to the besiegers began to gather head among the burghers.

Reasons for this new feeling are to be found in the traffic difficulties of 1901-02. Though the Pennsylvania had partly mastered the freight congestion of the years preceding, in 1902 business completely swamped all facilities. Freight service collapsed. The entire Pittsburgh District was tied up. And these difficulties came at a time when they were most galling to business men of all classes. The best of excuses could not solve the trouble, and the old feeling began to revive that competition might relieve much of the delay in obtaining cars. All this sentiment was quietly nursed by Wabash agents, till at last, after Pittsburgh aldermen had so long prevented the passage of an enabling act giving the Wabash a right to enter the city, this councilmanic fight became a political issue, popular discontent carried the day, a new set of aldermen were elected, and the Wabash had won! Outside of Pittsburgh construction was rapidly finished; in the city itself terminal property some four blocks long was acquired for \$5,000,000 and the construction of a ten-story marble passenger station was begun. The Monongahela River bridge was finally completed. And on June 14, 1904, the Wabash line from Pittsburgh to Toledo was thrown open to traffic, just in time for the World's Fair at St. Louis.

VI. Results

The day was won, but—the cost! Instead of Gould's original appropriation of \$25,000,000, that sixty miles of single track from Jewett to Pittsburgh cost the Wabash \$35,000,000! It cost \$380,000 a mile merely for rails, ties, and roadbed! In Pittsburgh property for the ten-story station and elevated tracks cost \$5,000,000; the white marble station cost another \$1,000,000. And one must remember that in spite of this vast outlay, the Wabash Railroad is still high above the roofs of commercial Pittsburgh. Huge elevators carry one past floor after floor in the station before one reaches the passenger tracks.

Freight cannot be transported in such a fashion. So the Wabash must look down on the traffic at its very feet in Pennsylvania cars and on Pennsylvania tracks. The citadel of Pittsburgh remains impregnable: the Wabash is only on the castle roof,—all because of the Pennsylvania!

Early in the struggle the Wabash had spent \$12,000,000 to acquire a small railroad known as the West Side Belt, circling the south side of Pittsburgh. Coal property belonging to the Belt Railroad is valuable and consists of some 15,000 acres of coal lands, with tipples, coal pockets, etc., on the river fronts. Then, too, West Side Belt tracks reach many important establishments on this side of the district, and over them Gould is getting his guaranteed twenty-five per cent of United States Steel's Western freight tonnage. But, unfortunately for the Wabash, the West Side Belt does not reach the exceedingly numerous establishments in Pittsburgh proper and along the Allegheny River.

Therefore, Ramsey determined to tap Allegheny by a new extension. But Fate frowned. She had given the Wabash a foothold in Pittsburgh. She could not do more. The astute and watchful Pennsylvania, intrenched on the ground-floor of this remarkable city, determined that the Wabash should not penetrate below the roof, and has so far made good its determination. Ramsey's extension from the Wabash station toward the Allegheny River stops abruptly where it should cross the elevated tracks of the Pennsylvania Railroad's new Duquesne Way Extension. It is said this extension of the Pennsylvania's was cleverly raised higher than the original plans, and is therefore so placed that the lofty Wabash, to cross it at all, must soar still higher. And every inch of ascent means millions in expense and trillions in difficulties to the newcomers.

Mystery has been added to Wabash affairs by the summary dismissal of President Ramsey. Rumors, of course, were rife when he left the Wabash in 1906. It is thought by many that Ramsey, while president, spent Gould's millions too freely in the Pittsburgh invasion. That he spent liberally, no one questions. Railroads do not fight for glory. Traffic is the spoils in the Pittsburgh District, and time alone

can prove the wisdom or folly of the Ramsey policy. At least, to one man's initiative and executive ability, the Wabash owes a foothold in Pittsburgh, and to have a foothold at any cost should ultimately mean more than barren victory.

Certainly the extension is equipped to receive the spoils of war. Its grades and curves are throughout planned for high traffic. Already parts of it are being double-tracked. And railroads do not double-track unless improved facilities are expected to pay.

Wonders never cease on that short sixty miles of track. It is the most remarkable bit of railroad in the world. Forgetting for a moment the million-dollar, half-mile long Mononaghela River bridge and the Mount Washington tunnel, 333 feet long, which cost nearly a million, there is the great million-dollar Greentree tunnel, nearly a mile long, which so dashed Wabash hopes at a time when the success of the advance depended on speed. There are eight huge tunnels in a short twenty miles. There are gigantic concrete arches stepping jauntily across the valleys. There are heavy fills squatting in the courses of streams. There are more bridges than miles of track on this remarkable line. Where the Wabash crosses the Ohio River at Mingo, it emerges suddenly from a West Virginia tunnel on a mile of bridge and viaduct which spans the river bottoms and the low-lying tracks of the Wheeling & Lake Erie. This 180-foot truss Ohio River bridge is the next longest cantilever in America—a worthy brother to the Monongahela bridge at Pittsburgh. At New Alexandria, Ohio, is the largest single mass of concrete in the form of an arch in the world. Eight similar, though smaller, arches are on that hotly-contested line.

Unlike most great industrial contests, this fight benefited the public and proved costly to the fighters. Its exact cost, no one can say. But the advantages to the public arising from the struggle are already apparent. The Wabash Railroad is in Pittsburgh to stay, and the Pennsylvania will never again reckon without competition. During the St. Louis Exposition, for instance, when the new extension was first opened to traffic, Wabash passenger rates were so low as to compel the Pennsylvania to reduce its rate to the fair. Furnishing

cars to shippers is now much more satisfactory. Of course much of this is due to the vast improvements made by the Pennsylvania system since 1902, but competition has no doubt stimulated these betterments. It is safe to say that most shippers in the Pittsburgh District, whether on the Wabash Extension or not, have enjoyed and are enjoying the benefits of that long and desperate struggle for a Pittsburgh terminal.

From this struggle the reader must draw his own lesson. To one, such a war is but a feature of our vigorous industrial advance; to another, it is a warning of the mighty power of disciplined wealth, for the 800,000 people of the Pittsburgh District were not, of course, considered by either of the contending forces; still a third reader may see in it the evils of competition, for such struggles are possibilities so long as competition persists. But a tourist in the calm twenty-first century, standing beneath the rusty girders of that great Monongahela River bridge, below the weather-stained marbles of the old Wabash passenger station,—such a tourist may pensively recall traditions of an age when men fought valiantly and lost silently, and he may perhaps turn away with a half-sigh of regret and murmur, “There were giants in those days.”

Edward Eyre Hunt.

LOVE AND DEATH

Now night is swarming about us with all her stars,
Beside the sea we two, after the pain,
To sit and dream, how sweet it is and sad,
To sit and dream again.

How great a prophet and a teacher is love,
That in all things images the "To Be,"
I always hated death and the dark thought
Before love came to me;

And all the body, temporal and faulty,
And all sad, common things that feed the tomb,
But in your arms I understand and pity
Their sorrowful, high doom.

I would have cried, "Let all things die, yea, all things,
I only will not, I will not, only I!"
Dear love and do you also hasten deathward
Under the same blind sky!

Against your lips, deep from your eyes now burning
Grave against mine, I draw with dizzy breath
The holy pain of life and all the splendid,
Glad tragedy of death.

John Hall Wheelock.

LOVE BY THE SEA

When the low murmur of the morning's laughter
 Rippling the waves makes music in my ears,
I dream on vanished things and things hereafter —
 So near is laughter to divine, sweet tears.

When in the dawn the last star disappears
 And dream on dream withdraws following after,
My heart leaps up with laughter in my ears,
 So near is grief to sorrowful, sweet laughter.

When the wind calls and the waves follow after
 And dune on dune shimmers and reappears,
I dare not listen to your quiet laughter,
 So near is laughter to divine, sweet tears.

John Hall Wheelock.

CUPID IN YORKSHIRE

That days may seem nights, and nights seem days, I learned at my Uncle Uther's. Evening after evening the rambling old house was the scene of wild revels such as might well have abashed a person of more mature age than mine. I, however, could only marvel and patiently abide. My uncle was an enthusiastic fox hunter,—a circumstance nothing to his discredit,—but aside from this he possessed an impassioned liking for the bottle; which, as I conjectured in a childish

way, was ruining his reputation, though not, as far as I could see, his health. These excesses filled me with a kind of pity for my uncle, which, in spite of the love I bore him, I could not quite succeed in shaking off. Sometimes, in my childish precociousness, I wondered why the shades of his ancestors did not burst from their portraits hanging on the wall and strangle the incorrigible miscreant where he stood. Perhaps, though, they had private reasons for their patience. The Ravenswards, so tradition says, had from time immemorial enjoyed the kind of a reputation which accrues to a family of hard riders and arch tipplers, though indeed some toil and achievement had marked their years of virility; but of these no hopeful signs had as yet distinguished the latest scion of the stock.

As time went on, I learned to respect my uncle more and more. He was the kindest of men, and, as I soon realized, the gentlest and most loving as well. I shall never forget the care with which he would hoist me up upon his broad shoulder, and with my small arms clasping his stalwart neck, march me up to my bedroom upstairs, while my head bobbed something like a tiny camel's, and I piped in ecstasy at my closeness to the low ceilings and doorways, which formed a distinguishing feature of our old house. My happiness and comfort was my uncle's greatest care, and though his actions seemed sometimes to belie his intentions, I realized sufficiently that I was always in his thoughts, and that indeed, were it not for me, Uther Ravensward might have been a far worse man than he was. I was too young, of course, to be admitted into his confidence, but I felt for all that a certain satisfaction in believing that my relationship to my uncle—aside from family ties—had in it something of that mutual love which exists between father and son.

I had led this life of solitude and quiet enjoyment for some time, when a circumstance arose which gave some color to my existence. I was riding with my uncle one day through a stretch of cool woods (for in spite of my seclusion I had by this time become quite an adept in horsemanship), when two other riders came suddenly upon us, following the same path as ourselves, though in the opposite direction. I

was rather taken by surprise, inasmuch as we met few people on those lonely roads, and none of quite the appearance of these. One was a girl, just blossoming into womanhood, and of a beauty such as I had never before beheld. Her hair was of a rich, deep brown, and danced in the wind with a fascinating oscillation; her dark eyes sparkled with a brilliancy which, if not altogether the light of intellect, had in it the flame of sensibility and charm; the flush, also, upon her cheeks, though it bore an undeniable likeness to one simply of health, was yet a trifle too intense to be closely scrutinized on such grounds alone. I glanced hastily at my uncle, after I had taken all these things in, and to my surprise found his usual easy demeanor changed for one of embarrassment. A glow of red and an expression of ingenuousness at the same time came over his features.

During this short time my uncle bestowed but one glance upon the horseman who galloped by her side, but that look was one full of anger and meaning. I could not divine the cause of my uncle's seeming rage, and looked, therefore, one more upon the fellow as he rode past. From what I can recollect of him, he was rather slenderly built; his hair was short and smoothly brushed back; his complexion was dark, with something of an Indian-like richness and smoothness, while the slight upward contour of his small nose gave an expression of pertness to his face, which perhaps otherwise would have worn none other than one of peculiar freedom from thought. If I add that he was elegantly clothed, and that he sat his horse with nonchalant ease, my picture of Wallace Rodney is complete.

There was a flashing about the eyes and a nervousness in the whole bearing of these two men as they observed one another, which induced me for a moment, to apprehend violence from one side or the other. They passed, however, without further evidences of hostility. I was tempted to speak; but the expression of my uncle's face induced me to keep silent for a time. Finally he himself turned towards me.

"Billy!"

"Sir," I replied.

"Wasn't she a beauty, Billy? I once knew her well, yet — you don't remember your mother, my boy? If you did, you would recog-

nize much in the slim figure of that girl that made your mother so attractive. She had also that same bewitching fascination which perhaps you noticed in Mary Falmont. Ah, my child, I loved your mother also at one time; not that I didn't adore her all the days of her short, angelic life, but I must tell you that the love which a man bears for a woman when she is still a mere girl and that which he extends towards her when she becomes the wife of another are no more alike than a ripe peach with its velvet skin and the same when despoiled of its rich outer covering, be it ever so sound and mellow within."

I was quite astounded in this sally of my uncle's, for I had never heard him speak in so moving and confidential a tone before. The rest of the way home, however, was passed in silence, I speculating upon the things I had witnessed and heard, and my uncle engaged in his own meditations. There was no company, fortunately, that night, and when supper was over my uncle seated himself at his desk — God knows rarely enough used now! — and wrote a short note, which cost him time and trouble enough for one much longer. This he folded and put into my hand, bidding me drive to the "Ring and Pigeons" to order a keg of ale from Mitchell, and then to return by the Orwell Road, stopping at Wiston House on the way, where I was to leave the note. All this I promised to do.

The day, hitherto mild and balmy, had dwindled into one of those hushed and dusky evenings, when the whole world seems to be falling asleep, and when even the flutter of a leaf or the flight of a bird imparts a relieving sense of animation to the landscape. The very gate posts between which I passed loomed gray and coldly in the dim twilight, and yet seemed gifted with quite as much life as any object I perceived about me.

I had soon left the house far behind. My little cart wheeled over ruts and bounced over stones with an alarming jolt and clatter, while the hurried pounding of my pony's hoofs along the hard road affected me strangely. Apart from this, in that dismal solitude of woods and country the subdued hooting of an owl, tuning up for his nightly fugue, or the spectral winging of some belated rook alone served to break the impressive stillness.

I felt some trepidation at my lonely situation ; all these ominous presagings of nature seemed put forward to frighten me. At the same time I experienced a certain pleasure mingled with my fear. However this may be, I performed my errand at the " Ring and Pigeons " and set out on my return towards Wiston House.

I had gone, perhaps, half the distance, when I suddenly perceived a movement in some bushes which bordered the road. It was very dark ; I could scarcely distinguish ; yet before I had had even time to stop, a huge, unkempt figure broke from the cover and made a movement to stop me.

Though merely a youngster, I was gifted with a courage in matters of difficulty rather beyond my years. Seizing my whip, I brought it down upon the pony's back with an energy quite unexpected by the poor beast, who bounded forward under the sting so precipitously as to almost throw me out of the cart. But my action was just a moment too late ; for, as I darted forward, the gypsy — for such my assailant apparently was — struck me upon the head with some hard instrument, whose fall, sudden and unexpected, I could not avoid. All about me grew black. I felt myself sink upon the hard body of the cart, which was jolting at a terrific rate along the uneven road.

I came to my senses in a darkened room. I could distinguish nothing of my surroundings, except that here and there the faint glimmerings of a candle lit up various pieces of furniture and the silken window-hangings. I raised myself up in bed and turned to give a more active range to my curiosity. A pain in my head forced me to clap my hand there, and I found it enveloped in a bandage. Then the recollection of my adventure came upon me.

" Poor fellow ! " sounded a voice almost beside me. " To think, Sarah, that only this morning I passed him riding so gaily on his pony. And you should have seen the look he gave me ! I have had many men stare at me off and on, — as you well know, Sarah, — but never with such a gaze of real wonder, — I think admiration ! — as I saw in this little fellow's eyes. — Has the pony been attended to, Sarah ? "

"Yes, my lady. John has ordered it well kept. And what can I do now, my lady?"

"Nothing.—Oh! do go down and tell cook to prepare some broth, and have it strong, for I know the appetites of these hardy youngsters!"

"Yes, my lady."

Scarcely had the sound of footsteps died away, when a soft hand touched my own, and I heard in the same familiar voice:

"Oh! you are awake! Do you feel well enough to talk? For I should like to know who you are."

"I am Uther Ravensward's nephew," I said.

"I thought as much! And now, do you know who I am? If you don't, I shall consider you a very forgetful lad,—like the rest of the Ravenswards," she added, half laughingly.

"I know who you are," I answered. "This is Wiston Hall, and you are Lady Mary Falmont."

"How did you know that?" she asked eagerly, then drawing back — I believe she was blushing.

"I read your name upon the envelope," I replied, "which my uncle gave me to leave here. But what happened to me I don't know. Did the gypsy hit me, and did poor Sancho run away?"

"Run away!" she answered, bending over me, while her soft curl brushed my flushed cheek and her lips almost — I thought — touched mine. "Run away! Why John the coachman says he ran so fast that he never even looked where he was going, and as a result went crash into the lodge gate and threw you out, and you lay there pale as — But never mind! We shall soon have you well again. What of the letter? Is it lost?"

"I think not. If you will please to look in the pocket of my coat, I think you will find it safe and sound."

She searched for a moment, and, with a cry of "Here it is!" tore open half eagerly, half trembling, the much-abused envelope. She ran her eye over the letter with that same breathless interest which I myself have experienced on many a like occasion since, though then I hardly

understood its import. A glow overspread her countenance as she refolded the paper and turned to me, half to see how I was and half to perceive if I had observed her.

"Will you tell me," she asked smilingly, "what your uncle said to you when he gave you this letter? Did he mention me, my dear boy, particularly? And did he seem very angry, or cross—"

"Really, I can hardly answer you," I stammered. "He was very sad, and I think said nothing to me, except—Oh! yes, he did! He said half aloud as I was going away, 'My dearest Mary, we shall see now which side owns the love! The words of a man whom you once honored—'"

"Yes! Yes!"

"I heard no more."

Lady Falmont raised her hands as I finished and clapped them together in a kind of ecstatic glee. Then she kissed me and, having covered me up carefully, bade me remain quiet until she returned. I went to sleep, and did not waken again till broad daylight.

The first voice I heard was my uncle's.

"So this is my busybody messenger, eh? Why, Billy, so you're awake, are you? Let me kiss you, my brave little man. I hope I shall reward you some day, as so trusty an envoy deserves to be."

I noticed that Lady Falmont was also in the room, and the glances which she and my uncle exchanged filled me with much joy and wonder as did my uncle's unexpected presence by my bedside.

"Dear uncle," I cried, "I did my best! And Lady Falmont,—this lady!—is the one we saw out riding yesterday!"

My uncle looked at me queerly.

"What if it is?"

"Why didn't you speak!" I cried, almost shrilly. "You seem to love one another now, don't you?" I naively added.

The two laughed gayly in concert.

"Perhaps we really do," answered my uncle. "At least I have declared as much for my part, and I think Lady Falmont has taken pity on your uncle and consents to say the same thing for herself.—

What a strange little cupid," he went on, laughingly nodding from me to his companion, "to bring us together after so long a disunion of such true friendship.—*He*, Mary, knows me as few have ever known me. You might cross-question *him* if you like, dearest."

"Indeed no, dear Uther! Why should I further doubt your word?"

"Never mind," he replied, "there is Wallace Rodney! Ah, the scoundrel! Aye, Billy! Am I a dear uncle, a kind and good uncle, or a villain and a rascal? Ha! ha! Answer quickly, sir! We must not keep Lady Falmont in suspense."

"Dear uncle," I cried, "what can I say! I love you dearly! Everybody should! Lady Falmont does, I do, Benny, my groom, does! Ah, my lady!" I sobbed as she took my hand and clasped it for a moment tenderly in hers. "I would die for uncle!—and for you, too! Only why can't I be with you always—or you be with us? I am tired of the lonely old house!"

My uncle was standing with his back to us, gazing out upon the bright landscape through the high and narrow window. He turned and finished speaking and grasped my hand.

"It will be dreary no longer," he said, smiling upon Lady Falmont. I looked at her and believed him.

E. Wentworth Huckel.

TWO RECENT NOVELS OF RELIGION

Among works of fiction founded on religion there are two recent novels which, for their similarity of purpose and difference of treatment, offer an interesting comparison. These are Hall Caine's "The Christian" and Antonio Fogazzaro's "Il Santo." Both have been widely read and variedly criticised, on account of the previous reputation of their authors and the suggestiveness of their titles. Without

investigating the details of the two novels as fiction, let us see what was the purpose of the authors in choosing this background of religion.

In all countries, whether the masses of the people are bigoted or skeptical, and whether the national faith is Roman Catholic or Protestant, religion is always a matter of discussion. Indeed, religion, no matter what form it takes, may be correctly termed the background of society. These authors, then, in making it the background of their novels, have wished to make more complete their portrayal of social conditions. They wished to portray, by means of a story, the Church in society. And this gave them a field so large and so complex that they were obliged to restrict themselves to a single phase of modern religion, and they both chose the imitation of Christ. The "Christian" and the "Saint" are men whose ideal it is to imitate in the streets of a twentieth-century metropolis the attitude of Christ in Palestine twenty centuries ago.

The desire to imitate Christ is quite a normal feeling. Ever since the early times of the Church it has been preached by the clergy. Thomas à Kempis gave final expression to an ideal of the Middle Ages which is to this day aspired to by faithful Christians. The manner, however, of putting into sane and practical effect this imitation nowadays must naturally depend on the ability of the individual to judge the world he lives in and its limitations. Let us see how the "Christian" and the "Saint" succeed in their judgment.

John Storm, who, at the beginning of Mr. Caine's story has just been ordained, enters the world of busy adults handicapped by a very scanty provision of experience. He falls in love with a girl who goes on the stage, where she is surrounded by all manner of sin. He resolves to lead her away from temptation, and finding himself unable to do so retires into a convent, where he hopes to be useful by prayer and intercession. Unsatisfied with his monastic experiences, he repeatedly escapes from the monastery and returns to the world, where he finally does works of charity among the poor. He is persecuted by many, incurs the enmity of some who finally kill him in a brawl. At his

death-bed the girl comes to him. She confesses her love for him, and they are married. That is the plot of the story.

Even from such a brief statement of a long story we may deduce certain facts. It is apparent first of all that in the Christian's life there is no consistent line of conduct. On account of his very inexperience he must grope round, or rather wander round, trying to find the real and at the same time the ideal mode of life. By his spasmodic retirements into a monastery, and his subsequent escapes from his ascetic retreat, followed by spells of philanthropical enthusiasm, he shows that he is unable to find among pious activities one which will satisfy the excellent cravings of his soul. He is to be praised sincerely for his charitable intentions and for his willingness to sacrifice himself for others. He is well-meaning enough, but not efficient.

Another apparent fact is that the vicissitudes of John Storm's love affair tend to confuse him extremely and thus destroy any cool judgment which he may possess. This is due, I think, to the nature of his love affair, which is elementary and therefore explosive. His religious activity is the expression of amorous passion, checked and seeking an outlet, rather than the result of a cold-blooded resolve. And all this is human enough, but not typically Christian, and not sublime.

Concerning the book as a whole, it contains touches of beauty and situations which are interesting, though too frequently melodramatic. But all considered it leaves us unconvinced and unsatisfied. Our final impression is one of moods and not problems, of stirring scenes unsupported by fundamental principles. The relations of Church and society are touched upon amateurishly, not thoroughly diagnosed and treated.

Now let us see what Mr. Fogazzaro has done in "*Il Santo*."

First of all his hero has the advantage of being not necessarily unknown to us at the beginning of the book. Two books which precede "*Il Santo*," and form with it a sort of trilogy, have given us first the story of the hero's family, then the tragedy of his own life. In this third book we find Maironi, the hero, retired from the world at an advanced age. He has lived a full life, and after his sorrows

retires to meditation. His considerable worldly experience, and the hopelessness of his aspirations in love, give him an attitude at once broad-minded and peaceful. In his retirement, however, he is not inactive. In his meditation he has formulated his opinions on social and religious conditions, and now resolves to teach and preach them. His utterances create for him first a local, then a swiftly spreading fame, which finally reaches Rome and the Pope. In spite of the fact that Benedetto (as he is now called) is already considered by many, especially by the clergy, as a heretic, he is called to a private audience with the Pope, and then, in the very center of the Catholic Church, and speaking to its Holy Head, he utters his accusation against the Church. He calls it responsible for many of the diseases of modern society, and says, "The Church is diseased. Four evil spirits have entered into her body to wage war against the Holy Spirit: the spirit of falsehood; the spirit of domination of the clergy; the spirit of avarice; the spirit of immobility." And after he has fully explained the nature and the result of each of these evil spirits, he suggests to the Pope, with the deep humility of a fervent Catholic, remedies for the Church, which include radical but not impossible reforms. In thus proclaiming his thought he achieves his ideal purpose, in the imitation of Christ. And though he understands and takes for granted a certain element of futility in the efforts of one man against a Church, this thought does not discourage him, so strong is his confidence in the truth of his words and his eagerness to sow the seed which shall bear fruit in the future.

Naturally, Benedetto is persecuted, as all are who first proclaim a new idea, or even who first express a universal idea which has remained latent and which involves a radical change in the established order of things. Yet when he dies his words have already begun to take root; he has followers; and he dies more revered than hated.

The ideas expressed by Benedetto in his eloquent appeal to the Holy Father are, I take it, no less than the opinions of Fogazzaro himself, who, though a faithful Catholic, is not blind to the defects of his Church. As Mr. Thayer says, he has given us a photograph of modern religion in Italy. He has condensed and uttered the opinions

of thousands of Roman Catholics who realize that the methods of their Church make it inadequate, and that this inadequacy is chiefly due to the fact that it has always refused to shift in harmony with the progress of civilization. He has dared to rebuke the Church in fiction, and to show the evils which undermine it, and through it injure the world. For this great service, his book has been put, as the author expected, on the "Index," an action which is significant in itself and characteristic of the prejudiced attitude of the Roman Catholic authorities.

Now to return to the character of Benedetto, we must admit that there is in it the morbid element, to a certain extent. There is not, however, the egotism which we are apt to impute to ascetics in general. Benedetto's asceticism has the merit of being premeditated and useful. For this retirement was not the rash decision of a moment, but the cool execution of a preconceived idea; and it was, moreover, the means by which he attained such a clear-sighted view of the actual relations of religion and society. The truth of his conclusions is apparent to all; and we cannot help admiring the heartfelt sincerity of this monk and the boldness with which he asserts that, after all, the test of religion is conduct.

Concerning the book as a whole, we may safely state that the action is never melodramatic. The scenes are simple and powerful in their poetic setting, and frequently reach the sublime.

And now, comparing these two curiously parallel novels of contemporary religion, we must come to the conclusion that while one gives us an interesting series of obsessions of a good young visionary clergyman, the other, on the contrary, portrays the gradually developing philosophy of a modern thinker. Of course we must not forget that to a certain extent there are national qualities, perhaps emphasized in these two men.—the enthusiasm of the Anglo-Saxon, the reflection, often melancholy, of the Latin. Yet from the latter we gain a new point of view, and that, I think, is one of the tests of a book. For books in general, even novels, are the record of experience, and they make pleasurable reading in direct proportion to the broadness of their humanity. By taking a deep problem and treating it artistically, Mr.

Fogazzaro has produced a novel which makes us think and feel seriously and in a new direction, and we find ourselves in the thought of the author. And his problem is actual and important. We may say of Mr. Caine's book, as of his hero, it is full of good intentions, but not efficient.

Rudolph Altrocchi.

DE SENECTUTE

Sweet were the dreams we knew in days of yore,
When Youth dwelt with us in a pleasant land,
And we were most industrious, with the sand
Building brave castles fresh from fairy lore:
But Time has so discreetly closed the door
That now, without, as anchorites we stand
Dreaming of lily-time, an anxious band,
To guard the crumbs that fell from boundless store.

But as the silver of the waning moons
Still falls in regions desolate and drear,
Thus in the heart may linger priceless runes
Of Faith to cheer us, visionless, each year —
Glad flower-spaces in the sand of dunes
Upon the last great ocean. Need we fear?

W. G. Tinckom-Fernandez.

"THE MAN OF THE HOUR"

"The Man of the Hour" has been heralded by zealous and enterprising press agents, and by some of the more enthusiastic critics, as "the great American drama"—possibly because of the enormous number of great American dollars which have been dropped into the box-office cash-drawer. Each year the same cry "Eureka" rings madly over the country, each year sees another of these loudly acclaimed plays shelved, until some one desires to smell again the perfume which emanated from the seat next him when he saw the play first; he petitions a stock company manager to revive it; he sits in the theater and shakes his head—because the perfume is not there. And the younger generation smiles, and talks a lot about lavender and old lace. "The Man of the Hour" belongs to this class of plays. It is wholesome, amusing, interesting, and may, therefore, be revived. It may even be useful historically, although that is extremely doubtful. But it is no more "great" or enduring than its theme, graft, is the fundamental ideal of American life. It is one of the two "best sellers" in last year's dramatic market. And "The Great Divide," its rival in pecuniary honors, has completely eclipsed it artistically.

"The Man of the Hour" is crude, structurally and emotionally. Every situation reveals Mr. Broadhurst's long training in writing farce. The theatricality, the sentimentality, the mock emotions, the obvious technical devices—these things annoy one at first, and end by exasperating him. A very real subject—at present a vital subject—is made unconvincing and not infrequently ridiculous—one is never allowed to forget he is in a theater witnessing a "stage play." Technique should be a framework, giving stability to the painted scene which it supports—it is indispensable, just as mathematics is indispensable even to the most spontaneous music. Mr. Broadhurst lets the framework obtrude, his beating-time is audible. We hear the one,

two, three, and are convinced that we are listening to an amateur practicing. He even counts irregularly sometimes. Yet we listen, because occasionally he forgets to count, and we get a glimpse of the popular song he is laboring with. "The Man of the Hour" is just that,—a good popular song rendered with audible time-beats.

D. C.

FAIR HARVARD

The sons of our Alma Mater
Have fared on the farthest trail,
Where the north wind piles the snowdrift,
Where the south wind swells the sail;
We know no end to our turning,
We set no bound to our feet,
But we build us lodges of friendship
Wherever it be that we meet.

Forth from her fertile bosom
When the red gods call we seek,
Equipped with a scanty learning,
A smatter of Latin and Greek;
Quaternicus lost and forgotten,
Calculus never we knew,
But deeper we know her teachings
In the worth of the things that are true.

Perchance the early ideal
Has shrunk to a lower plane;
We know that glory is hard to find,
And we know the weight of pain;

The vision we saw before us
Dissolved into cobweb and dew,
And the bitter, bitter remembrance
Of the deeds that we did not do.

But bigger we bulk for our striving,
More virile, more splendidly male,
For, except to have tried and succeeded,
The best is to try and to fail;
And richer the earth for our effort,
And the path more clear for our tread,—
Was ever worthy accomplishment
But was based on the bones of the dead?

This is the lesson she teaches,
Our Harvard we love so well,
To begin the strife with the dawn of life
And to strive to its latest knell;
To have part in the deeds that are doing,
To bear the heaviest brunt,
And if we are whelmed, there are others,
But we die with eyes to the front.

For this the drowsy professors
Drone on their narrow way;
They remain in the shade of the elm trees,
But us they fit for the fray;
They have no share in the doing,
But us they fit for the fight,
And if we are there at the winning,
'Tis they have shown us the light.

And wheresoever we struggle,
In factory, mine, or mart,
In the grip of the learned professions,
Or vowed to a dream of art,
There still shall rise to our nostrils
The scent of those early days,
And we hear the boom of the college bell
Come drifting through the haze.

And it's Tom, do you remember
How we screwed up the proctor's door,
And the look of the parallelogram
That called us to old U. 4;
And it's Dick, what a night we put in
When care we tried to drown,—
And that antediluvian herdic
That brought us out of town.

They may girdle the Yard with fences,
They may wheedle a dead man's gold,
They may try to abolish Fine Arts IV,
They may preach till the world is old,
They may chop and change and alter
Our ways for newer ones,
But the spirit of Harvard is strong and quick
In the bosoms of her sons.

B. A. Gould.

Editorial

The Athletic Question Again As we go to press the disagreement of the Faculty and the undergraduates on the matter of intercollegiate contests is still complete and uncompromising. The real arguments and the real sentiments of both sides are, however, marvelously concealed — on the one hand by an utter silence — and on the other by more or less irrational and excited vehemence. After all, the only object of such a disagreement can be some form of intelligent and sympathetic compromise between both parties concerned — and not the bull-headed and physical annihilation of one entire point of view. If the Faculty have intelligent and far-reaching reasons for their condemnation of the present number of intercollegiate contests (and they unquestionably must have), we are sanguine enough to believe that the undergraduate, as an intelligent human being, will feel the logic of those reasons. In the same manner the Faculty would doubtless be influenced by the exhibition of sane undergraduate arguments to the contrary.

At present we have the inexplicable gods of condemnation seated upon the mountain of pure theory, while their children in the valley clamor passionately against their decrees. There is absolutely no understanding between them. Cannot the real feelings of both parties be made definitely clear, and efforts toward a more sympathetic relation be started. If a peace conference and settlement by arbitration is preferable to long-distance warfare, why not try it! After all, the Faculty's chief aim is to help and not harm the undergraduate — and the undergraduate naturally bears no ill-will to his guardians.



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THE HARVARD MONTHLY is published on the first day of each month from October to July inclusive, by undergraduates of Harvard University.

The aim of the MONTHLY is, primarily, to preserve as far as possible the best literary work that is produced in college by undergraduates; and, secondly, to furnish a field for the discussion of all questions relating to the policy and the condition of the University. In the accomplishment of these aims the MONTHLY invites the co-operation of the students and the alumni.

All manuscripts, business communications and books for review should be sent to the Sanctum, Harvard Union, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

An Editor will be in the Sanctum every day except Saturday, from 1.30 to 2.30 P.M., to confer with the candidates about their work.

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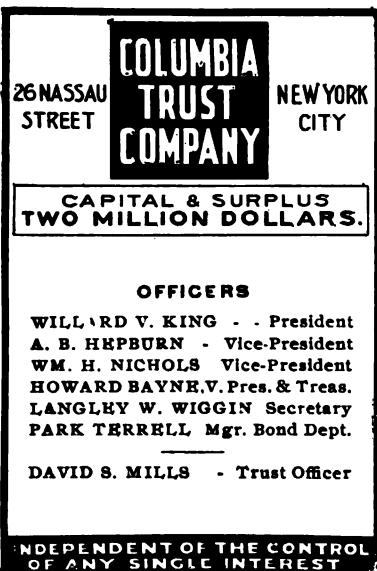
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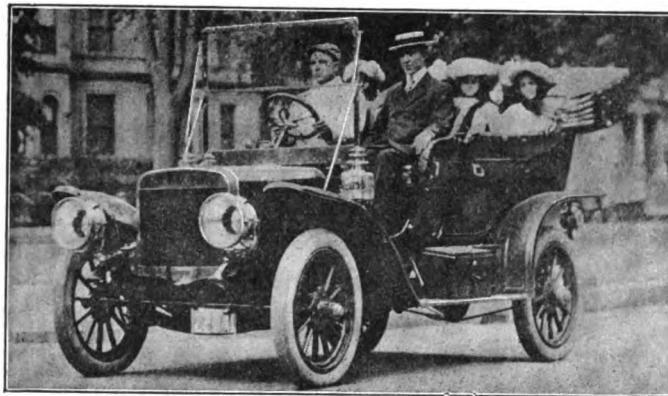
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THE
HARVARD MONTHLY

VOL. XLVI

APRIL, 1908

No. 2

THE OXFORD COLLEGE SYSTEM

In view of the discussion which has recently taken place relative to the advantages and disadvantages of a larger college, I have undertaken to give a brief outline of the English system of university government, in which, I believe, the true solution of the difficulty lies. A good adaptation of the English system, while retaining unimpaired the original body corporate, would lend to it all the benefits to be derived from smaller units. Though I formulate no definite plan to accomplish this end, I believe that one step in the right direction will be taken by bringing to the attention of Harvard undergraduates the great system under which the English universities have thriven. In treating of the English university I shall have especial reference to Oxford, with which I am familiar.

The Oxford college system was in reality never intended to be a system at all, but has become one with the lapse of time. Nevertheless, in its present working, the effect may be said to be almost perfect. Historically, the colleges were founded one at a time, by different men, and each college was intended to fulfil a certain definite purpose which the founder had in mind. Thus, the earliest colleges were set up in the thirteenth century, for the most part for educating the lower clergy; the last was built in 1875 to help poor students who belonged to the Anglican Church. In most cases the purpose of the original benefactor has now been lost sight of, or survives only in meaningless forms and rites; but the colleges remain as distinct and independent institutions, losing their identity only when, for certain purposes, such as conducting examinations and conferring degrees, they lose them-

selves in the body corporate of the University. Except in the performance of certain functions, then, each college is virtually self-sufficient in all respects,—educational, athletic, and social. Each college has its own buildings, within which its members are obliged to sleep, eat, and work; each has its own staff of instructors, its own athletic teams, its own societies, intellectual and social.

Perhaps the most characteristic feature of the whole system of government at Oxford is the tutorial system. Through its agency the main part of the instruction is carried on, lectures playing but a secondary part, and the tutorial system operates entirely within the individual colleges. Every undergraduate member of a college is assigned to a tutor or supervisor, to whom he reports each week for what might be termed a conference, which is usually an hour in duration. In the course of this hour the tutor attempts in a friendly way to ascertain how the student is working, and does all he can to help him by explaining away difficulties. The method usually employed is the reading by the pupil of an original essay on some prescribed topic. The material and its treatment are then discussed and criticised in detail, and the student is given an opportunity of asking such questions or soliciting such advice as may help him in his work. The bulk of the work done in Oxford is put into these weekly essays, the subject and references being given out a week in advance in each case. I wish to lay particular stress on this part of the educational system which prevails in the English universities, as I believe it to be the essential agent in making the work interesting, and it certainly is interesting: original work accomplished by reading in private always is more attractive than attending public lectures in hot, stuffy rooms. The one exercises the mind and makes one feel like a man with original ideas; the other is more like returning to childhood's days and being fed with a spoon. In Oxford, lectures are entirely a side-issue, and attendance is voluntary, no record being kept. Another distinct advantage afforded by the tutorial system is that it brings undergraduates into close personal contact with men of more than ordinary abilities and refinement. Tutors usually take especial pains to become acquainted with their

pupils outside of the regular routine of academic life, by inviting them, at least once a term, to small social functions, such as luncheons and teas.

We now take up another side of undergraduate activity — the athletic field. From this point of view also, the working of the system of colleges may be said to be followed by important results. A great deal of general interest is excited by athletic events of all sorts between the various colleges in the university. Indeed, though one has no hesitation in applying the term secondary to the dormitory and graded-crew rowing at Harvard, the word could not be used accurately of the college races in Oxford and Cambridge. I think I am not overbold in making the assertion that members of those universities, and especially undergraduates, are more interested in the outcome of their college bumping-races than in the race between the two university crews. Loyalty to college is no less important than loyalty to university. The advantage of this is that it tends to develop better material for university teams, and also to increase the number of men actually engaged in athletic sports. In opposition to the comparatively small number of men who participate in athletics at Harvard, at Oxford no fewer than 350 to 400 men row in some crew, involving no less than eight weeks' systematic preparation. No less than 800 men play football during two-thirds of the academic year, at least 300 play hockey, 500 play cricket, and practically every one plays tennis or golf. Of course, it is ridiculous to imagine that such results could be produced immediately by the introduction here of some system of division for athletic purposes: as is shown by the dormitory rowing established at Harvard three years ago, it takes time for the growth of *esprit de corps*. Yet the introduction of dormitory rowing and the attempt to organize a scrub football tournament for Freshmen are steps in the right direction.

In its social effects, the Oxford system is far-reaching. In the first place, a man's circle of acquaintances naturally tends to become limited to the members of his own college, who may number from 40 to 220. These men he gets to know well, almost intimately, the practical effect being that he obtains a relatively small number of friends

as compared with the larger number of mere nodding acquaintances under our present régime. The matter may be exemplified by an appeal to the difference of customs which prevail at Oxford and Harvard with regard to bowing: in Oxford a man rarely bows to a member of his own college in the street, any more than he speaks to a member of his own family at every meeting. At Harvard it is customary to speak to all you meet, no matter if you see them twenty times a day.

In this limitation of one's circle of acquaintance there lies the advantage which has always been claimed for the small college in this country. Another effect is that the college takes, to a great extent, the place of the club, the clubs themselves play a less important part, and exert a less harmful effect on the men who do not belong to them.

On the whole, then, if my view of the case be correct, the Oxford system of colleges contains many good points which our present system lacks. It is our duty to attempt some modification of our system which will secure these advantages, and, if I induce a single reader to think seriously on this most important subject, I shall feel that I have accomplished something.

Fabian Fall.

SEPTEMBER BY THE SEA

The melancholy mood of bleak September
Fills the forsaken beach, here by the sea,
The gray pavilion stares out wearily —
The old, wrenched seats and railings half remember
Their summer gayety.

So desolate — so windy — so forsaken —
A certain homesickness blows on the air,
The flagless pole seems sorrowful and bare,
The wind pierces my heart enough to awaken
The memories sleeping there.

Before his touch the cold sea shines and shivers,
The fallen arbor under which I sit
Sheds all its wrinkled leafage, bit by bit,
Through every leaf his breath rustles and quivers,
Shaking and stirring it,

And dips upon the ruffled waters foaming,
In all this desolate waste of dying day
The sand lies bare — they are all gone away,
But one old woman in a blue shawl, roaming
The beach, windy and gray.

No other life there is, no other motion,
Only the lonely wind goes on and on,
Only in a half-dream I dream upon
The eyes of one I loved; here by the ocean,
How many autumns gone,

Here by these buildings, by these rolling beaches!
The ghosts of many garish summer days
Seem now to haunt them; from the westward blaze
Of the low sun a red beam slants and reaches
The windows, with its rays,

Giving them a dull light through the barred shutters.
The bathing-ropes drift on the waves that stir,
Where the gay crowds of laughing bathers were,
The beach, listening to a tent flap that flutters,
Grows dark and drearier.

They are all gone, they will return — ah never —
Summer and joy and the old love of you.
The old woman there gathers her shawl of blue
To go, as if she were going away forever,
And I must follow, too.

John Hall Wheelock.

SILENCE LEDGE

The little sea-coast town of Conohasset abounds in quaint, old houses of the Colonial days, some with their gambrel roofs, others of the seventeenth-century type, which, though less pretentious, are more ancient, and it is antiquity that gives prestige in Conohasset. Nowadays only the larger estates that are scattered along Main Street, with their smooth lawns and quaint, old-fashioned gardens, are well kept, but fifty years ago, when the fishing and shipping industries of the little harbor were flourishing, every yard was neatness itself. It made no difference then whether the house was large or small, the garden always had the appearance of being swept and dusted, and there was never a weed in the path that led up to the front doorstep. Yet with all this extreme neatness, the lavender and purple lights of the windows, the graceful wine-glass elms that shaded Main Street, and the peaceful lines of the old belfry, rising above the tree-tops of the Common, lent the town an air of comfort and gentility that made even a stranger feel at home.

The Common was the pride of every inhabitant of Conohasset, and well it might be, with its huge, dignified trees,—oaks, elms and buttonwoods,—which had watched the little town since its settlement. In winter one could see the meeting-house for miles around, standing comfortably in the very center of the Common, but in the summer time, nothing of it could be seen but the ancient belfry and weather-vane, high above the trees.

On a cold afternoon in the spring of 1855, the Boston stage brought only one passenger up the hill to the Common. He had taken the high seat beside Uncle Ben Merritt, the old driver, and his head was sinking deeper and deeper into his high, upturned collar, before the piercing chill of the May east wind. The sun, not far above the hills to the west, cast a rosy glow over the white church spire and turned every western pane into a mass of flame-color. Through the delicate

freshness of the new, green foliage the view was delightful, and John Baldwin, the newcomer, enjoyed its restfulness after his long journey. Ben Merritt, who was an inveterate gossip, had talked constantly about every object in sight, ever since he had taken up his passenger, and now, upon entering his native village, the old driver fairly outdid himself.

"Yes, that's our Common, and you won't find a prettier one, don't care where you go. My wife's folks come from Satuit, just beyond here, and they think theirs is just as good, but Lor' it don't amount to Hannah Cook 'long-side of ours. Handsome meetin'-house, too, I call it! My great grandfather built that more'n a hundred years ago. They knew how to build things then!"

Uncle Ben, who was "uncle" to all the younger generation of Conohasset, paused for effect after this remark and spat emphatically over the wheel. John offered no objection to the old man's views and found himself wondering what the topic for his next monologue would be.

With a flourish of the whip, Merritt leaned out to greet a friend with "Howdy, Lucky! Feels like there might be a frost to-night, don't it?" Then turning to his companion he began again.

"That's Lucky Lincoln, who lives up here 'round the corner by the ledges. Real name's Mordecai, but we always call him Lucky. Not that he is so lucky, either, but he is always just missing being mighty unlucky. Now, it was about this time a year ago, or maybe it was a little later, when we had a grand old thunder-storm. Lucky was standing in the doorway of his house, watching the storm, when there came a blaze o' lightnin', struck the fence-post within twenty foot of him,—but it never hit him! You know he was keeper of the lighthouse out here on Silence Ledge for three years and left his job just a couple of days before she blew down in that April storm, four years ago. By the way, I hear you're going to build the new lighthouse out there. Is that so?"

John assented, and at the same time asked himself how this old driver, whom he had never seen before, should know that he was

John Baldwin of Boston, the designer of the new lighthouse to be built on Silence Ledge. As any skipper will tell you, there is no reef on the Atlantic coast more dangerous than Silence Ledge. Entirely submerged, except at low tide, for years it had been thought impossible to erect a beacon on this dreaded group of rocks, but in the forties a grotesque lighthouse, supported by eight iron shafts took the place of the inefficient buoys which had always marked the channel. At first, in spite of its fragile appearance, it had done good service, but a wild northeaster, a few years later, snapped its supports, and hurling the lighthouse beneath the waves, made the sea once more master of Silence Ledge. For a while all hope of a satisfactory lighthouse was abandoned. Then, again, the government was ready to receive designs and estimates. The idea of conquering Silence Ledge had always appealed to John Baldwin, and upon the destruction of the first light, this young architect had begun his drawings for a lighthouse, which he claimed was to be the Eddystone of America. After a year's patient designing in this country, he went to England and spent months in a study of the Eddystone. John had always been an ardent admirer of Smeaton, and based all his theories upon those of the famous English architect. Upon his return to America his plans were accepted, and here was Baldwin, arriving in Conohasset to begin his great work.

Once more he wondered how Uncle Ben had guessed his identity, and after a short pause he asked, "How did you know who I was?"

The driver threw back his head with a hearty laugh, and said, "Lor', my boy, before you've been in this town very long you'll find out that what we don't know about folks ain't worth knowin'!" Then he continued to chuckle as they rounded the corner, leaving John as much in the dark as ever.

"Here is Mrs. Pratt's house," Ben called out, jumping down to pull the trunk off behind, "and you've found the best place in town. Isn't that so, Mrs. Pratt?" he added, as he struggled up the path with his burden. "And right across the way is Lucky Lincoln's, so good-by and good luck to you, my boy. If you can't be lucky, the next best thing is to be pretty near Lucky."

Chuckling immoderately at his own joke, Uncle Ben climbed to his perch, and waving them a good-by with his whip, he drove away, down Main Street.

When one awakes in a strange place, his first inclination is always to take a peep from the window at his surroundings. A beautiful spring morning greeted John Baldwin as he pushed aside the white-panelled shutters and peered out upon the quaint town. The sun had risen only a few minutes before, and the glistening dew and gentle, salt breeze lent the morning a delicious freshness. What a glorious day to begin his great task, was John's thought, and he was eager to be down at the wharves and away to commence the leveling of Silence Ledge.

"That must be Lucky Lincoln's house," he said to himself, looking directly across the street at a little white cottage with a gambrel roof and the regulation green blinds. The colonial doorway, opening almost upon the street, was charming, but the particular feature which struck John was the wonderful purple lights reflected from the tiny window panes. Some were a deep violet, some lavender, while a few seemed almost an old-rose tint.

An hour later, as John closed Mrs. Pratt's big front door, a young girl, kneeling over her garden across the way, looked up quickly, and seeing this strange young man watching her, looked as quickly down and began her work again with remarkable assiduity.

"So that is the lighthouse builder," she thought. "My! I didn't think he was going to look like that!" After peeping cautiously through the box border to make sure that he had gone a safe distance on his way, Deborah Lincoln stopped her work and looked after him thoughtfully.

"My!" she repeated, and once more returned to her garden, although not so eagerly as before.

Deborah, who was Lucky's only daughter, was about nineteen years old, and had kept house for him since her mother's death. The members of the Ladies' Sewing Circle of Conohasset did not entirely agree in their estimation of this young lady. Her care for her father

and the neatness of their little home were certainly all one could desire, but Deborah's free and easy manners troubled some of them very much. The truth is, she was always so charmingly simple and natural that she failed to please the conventional old ladies of her town. As a little girl she had often shocked them by playing ball on the Common with the boys, or by calling out to passersby from the top of an apple tree; and even now she never missed an opportunity to go fishing with her father and his friends, which, to her censors, seemed very unlady-like. But on the other hand, when occasion required, she could be as serious as any one could wish. Lucky Lincoln was certainly lucky and he knew it.

At first, John's work was so fatiguing that he went to his room immediately after supper, and saw little of any one, except his workmen. His early rising made him more than willing to retire early, and the careful, accurate directing on Silence Ledge told upon him. After the work was well under way, however, he began to be more sociable, and it was not long before he had met Deborah Lincoln. John often crossed the way and spent the early summer evenings with her in the tiny orchard that was crowded in between the fence and the ledges, which rose abruptly behind the house. It was a cozy little nook, and although so near the road, it was quite hidden by the gay row of hollyhocks along the fence.

Deborah was certainly very good company, John decided, and her intelligent interest in the building of the lighthouse pleased him. At first he did not understand it, for all Conohasset smiled when speaking of "the new light," but one look into her honest blue eyes proved that her enthusiasm and interest were genuine, beyond a doubt. One evening Lucky found them poring intently over the complex plans of the tower. Rolls of paper covered the top of the table, and under the cheerful lamp John and Deborah were deep in their subject, the one earnestly explaining his theory, the other studying out the intricate construction. What a proud moment it was for Deborah Lincoln, when the lighthouse builder invited her to accompany him on one of his daily expeditions to Silence Ledge! Conohasset opened its eyes and smiled upon the first occasion, but soon these excursions ceased to be extraordinary events.

Lighthouses are not built in a day, and one summer after another passed, until the tupelo trees, like a fringe of brilliant crimson along the marshes, were heralding autumn for the fifth time since John Baldwin's arrival in Conohasset. Towards the end of September, one could plainly see the tall, granite column of the new Silence Ledge Lighthouse rising from the water, two miles from shore. The old sea-folk had less and less confidence in John's tower, as the autumnal storms began, and whenever the wind swung threateningly to the northeast they shook their heads wisely and muttered, "She may stand these little squalls all right, but there can't nothin' stand up against a real sea in the winter. Silence Ledge warn't built for no Bunker Hill Monuments and it's time folks knew it!"

Even John had misgivings now and then, and particularly with the tower in its half-completed state, he had reason to fear for its stability. Nevertheless, he believed firmly that, when completed, his lighthouse would be able to withstand the worst northeaster possible. The great cylinder had weathered all the early fall storms and was now within a few feet of its final height.

The supreme test came in a furious storm about the middle of October,—the test which was to prove whether John's theories of lighthouse building or those of the 'longshoremen were right. Any old inhabitant of the shores of Massachusetts Bay will recall the terrible storm of the 16th of October, 1859, and will tell you there has never since been a gale like it, unless it was the blizzard of '98.

The storm started early in the morning of the 15th, and increasing all day, had become a hurricane by nightfall. At first John Baldwin thought there was nothing to be feared, after the successful trials of the lighthouse in the September storms. Soon after noon he realized that the great test had come, and throughout the afternoon he paced the wharves, straining his eyes for a glimpse of the gray tower. The fishermen's dories were pulled up high over the banks of the harbor, and a few men were busy dragging their lobster-pots off the wharves. It would not be high tide until eight o'clock in the evening, but through the darkness which had already closed in at six o'clock, John saw the black water already at its high-tide mark, and he groaned.

He retired early and slept fitfully until about two o'clock in the morning. A blind, carried away by the gale, crashed on the roof of the shed beneath his window! John awoke with a start, and half asleep he fancied it was the crash of the falling lighthouse, hurled bodily into the sea. A fresh gust of wind screamed around the corner of the house, tearing away a few loosened shingles in its mad rush. The storm had increased incredibly in these few hours, and as John realized it, all hope or thought of sleep departed. Until the first gray light of morning came stealing in through the rain-drenched window panes, he lay there, staring into the darkness, now longing for, now dreading the dawn which should disclose the fate of the tower.

Seven o'clock found him on the wharves again, his eyes trying to penetrate the blinding sheets of rain, to see if the lighthouse were still there. The wharves were slippery, and John shuddered as he realized that they had been swept by the tide of the night before. A few lobster-men were picking up their buoys which had been washed ashore, others were looking over the wreckage, covered with masses of seaweed. The rain ceased for a moment and the entrance of the harbor became visible,—but no lighthouse! John's heart sank and he felt faint.

"John," said a quiet voice behind him, and turning quickly he found Deborah standing there. Her clothes were dripping, and with a shawl thrown over her head she was strangely picturesque. There was a new light in her troubled eyes, and her face, usually so bright and vivacious, was anxious and full of sympathy.

"Deborah!" cried John, "what are you doing here? You are cold and wet. You mustn't stay!"

"Is it there,—is it there?" she questioned hurriedly. "Oh, tell me, is it still there? I came down, thinking I might see it if the rain let up, but I can't see a thing, not a thing," she added, her voice ending in a kind of a sob.

"No," replied John, courageously. "No, I—I haven't seen it this morning. I don't think we could see it from here, in the storm!"

He turned away and stared hopelessly across the harbor. The crest of wave struck the top of the wharf, and the water, rushing across the planks, drove the two watchers back to the sheds.

"John," said Deborah brightening, "John, I am sure we could see it from the point of rocks at the end of the harbor if it still—I mean, if we could get there. The marshes are so flooded that we would have to take the long trail through the woods, but let us do that!"

"Of course," cried John, "of course! Why didn't I think of that? Let's go at once! It is a waste of time here! I don't even know where the trail begins, but let us start. Come on!"

"Wait, though. You must have some breakfast first or you will kill yourself, fighting against this storm, in the woods. It will only take a few minutes and you must do it," asserted Deborah, and her will was not to be gainsaid.

John bit his lip and scowled. "All right," he said, "I will. But you mustn't go with me out to the point, for you are drenched, and you have no right to expose yourself to the storm."

Breakfast was soon finished, and as John came out upon the street again, Deborah appeared in her doorway. Her father's huge sou'wester hat was fastened under her chin and in his oil-skin jacket she was well protected.

"You couldn't find the trail alone," she explained, when she had caught up with him, "and I can't stay in, not knowing whether the lighthouse is still there or not."

Her companion smiled, and he longed to give her a grasp of the hand to tell her what words could not.

The wind had abated slightly since the height of the storm in the early morning, but as they struggled on through the woods against the gale, they often had to stop and rest from sheer exhaustion. Few words were spoken. Splashing through the low places and stumbling over wet rocks, they tramped stolidly on. It was three miles to the point by this hard and circuitous route, and as they started on the last half mile, where the trail skirted the wooded cliffs, they caught glimpses of the mountainous surf, crashing against the rocks. The wet branches of the cedars swished over their heads. The rain had been falling in torrents, but now the storm changed its tactics and sent furious gusts of wind in its place. An abrupt turn in the path brought them suddenly upon the open cliffs at the end of the point, scarcely a

mile from Silence Ledge. The northeast wind turned both John and Deborah completely around with one violent gust, but wheeling quickly they stared against it towards the ledge.

"Deborah!" "John!" they both cried together, for there the tower stood, calm and majestic in the midst of the wild sea. Wave after wave broke over the unfinished summit of the great structure, and pieces of the staging were washed up at their very feet, but the gray lighthouse was master of the seas! John grasped his companion's hand and held it tightly in his own, more wildly happy than he had ever dreamed he could be.

"I've won, I've won!" was all he could say, and his eyes were riveted on the lighthouse on Silence Ledge.

"To whom else shall we tell our secret first?" asked Deborah, one Indian-summer afternoon when she and John were sitting on the doorstep of Lucky Lincoln's white cottage. They had told Lucky already, and were now wondering whom else they would take into their confidence.

"Why not to Uncle Ben Merritt?" suggested John, smiling. "He brought me over in the stage the first time I ever was in Conohasset, and he has always been a good friend to me."

"He is just the one!" laughed Deborah, "and he ought to be here very soon, if the stage isn't late."

They waved to him as he went by, driving some passenger to a house further up the road, and as the empty stage came rumbling back, Deborah and John were at the gate to hail him.

"Well, well," called Uncle Ben, "what's up? You look all excited 'bout something. My, Deborah, but your cheeks are red! Tell us, what's your business?"

"Why, you see," began John, looking about to see that they were not overheard, "we have some news for you!"

"News?" queried the old driver. "News? Well, let's have it!"

"Deborah and I are—are going to be married in the spring and we wanted to tell you first of all," added John, embarrassed, but beaming.

"Do tell!" laughed Uncle Ben. "I want to know, I thought you said *news*. Everybody in this town knew that long ago. Good luck to ye, though," he added, "good luck to ye!" and cracking his whip he drove away down Main Street.

L. S. Mayo.

A RETRIEVER OF THE DEAD

When a good man with relations dies with great suddenness in the heart of the woods, his nearest in blood are wont to spare no expense in retrieving the body for a final interment in the family lot, thereby causing a long, unsavory interlude between the first rigor mortis and the last act in that absurd disposition, the modern burial service. In the case of Carleton, a man from the city, there was an interval of seven days. Who or what Carleton was before his death makes little difference, because it is with the body alone that we deal. That he was greater in the clay than in the flesh there was no doubt, as you shall see.

It takes a very great man indeed to traverse the Big Horn Burnt Land alone and on foot. There is a way by canoe, which is also hard, but does not make him famous. Carleton tried it on foot with a compass. When he did not appear at the other end of the trail or return to the beginning, it became known that somewhere between Stacey's Post Office and Mustakook Falls there was a corpse that had once been a foolish man. The name was Carleton, because letters came to the Post Office and lay unclaimed. There was no need of sending these letters on; indeed, it was now a question of finding the man and forwarding him to the letters.

Bill Moriarty—Big Bill, Wild Bill, Purgatory Bill, or what you please—was the man selected by the informal committee of natives in the little outlying post office to recover the body. Bill was well

qualified for a retriever of corpses. Weighing over two hundred pounds, strong in the manner of a moose, he loved the woods he was a native of, could smell rain days ahead, diagnose droppings old and new, imitate other animals besides himself, had, in fact, a thousand little arts and crafts which marked the complete woodsman. Best of all, his only superstitions were the liquor laws and game wardens. "How long would it take you, Mr. Moriarty?" asked the corpse's brother-in-law, who had left his work in the city to superintend the return of the dead. "Well, two men can't travel as fast as one—not when one of them's dead," said Bill; "maybe it will be days before I find him."

It was, as Bill had said, days and days. Leaving behind him a mildly curious settlement and one very anxious stranger, he paddled his canoe into the first long stretch of dead water of the thoroughfare which penetrates the Burnt Lands. Toward noon of the first day he came to the first pitch of rapids, where, discarding his paddles, he pulled from his canoe his long spruce pole, stood up in the stern and began to pry and lift his craft over the small terraces of descending foam. The only sound besides the everlasting rush and roar of the rapids was the regular and musical "chung" of the iron-pointed pole as it struck the rocky bottom, every little while missing its hold altogether on some slippery ledge, making a ripple a resonant note, which might have been struck from an archaic xylophone.

The man in the canoe showed no artist's reverence for the beautiful stream and all wonderful Nature about him. When he wished to spit, he did not hesitate to discolor the purest of foam with a short-lived vein of brown tobacco juice, while the melodious counterpoint of the slipping pole only jarred harshly on his ears, harshly enough for him to say aloud to himself, "Hell of polin' bottom!" But the stream was not all quick water. There were places where it seemed to tire and go along easily and listlessly. Bill did not rest with the stream, but took advantage of its occasional sluggishness to quicken his own pace. All day he paddled and poled tirelessly against the current, but when the sun fell he was still below the worst pitch of all, Loon Falls,

part of which all men must carry. Bill's plan was to go a day's trip beyond these falls in his canoe; then, leaving his craft, enter the woods on foot, scouring and searching where his instinct and real signs prompted.

On the afternoon of the second day, with the roar and the sweat of Loon Falls miles behind, Bill ran his bow on a pebbled beach, got out, turned the canoe over, strapped his pack on his back, and disappeared in the thick growth of a cedar swamp. He hoped to reach before nightfall the old backwood trail, the one on which Carleton had started out and the one which he must have lost. Bill reached it just before dusk. After making himself some tea in which he soaked his biscuits before drinking, he laid his quid on a piece of birch bark, fixed his pack for a pillow and fell into loud sleep. The real hunting would begin on the morrow.

Rising with the sun the next day, Bill make an early start. Following along the old blazes, he found without much difficulty the place where Carleton had wandered from the path, and all that day he followed a crazy trail, the trail of a man lost in the woods. Once Bill thought his search was at an end; but it was only a deer lying down, who jumped up and dashed on with frightened snouff. During the day he saw more deer, but no dead men. Late in the afternoon two partridges strutted across his path. He killed one with a stone, but the other hopped off. Jamming the dead bird in his pack, he kept on. The other man in his despair had wandered in circles, causing the trail to cross itself, and Bill smelt the end before he found it. This does not mean that the corpse was socially impossible, only that Bill had a splendid scent.

It was sunset when Bill came upon it. The man was sitting against a rock with a compass in his hand. A narrow shaft of light coming between two pine trees from an already sinking sun fell on his head like a spot-light showing in a lurid glow a face with two fixed and staring eyes bent over his chest, as if the man were trying to read his destiny in his stomach. The whole thing was lightly covered with pine needles and spruce tips where the squirrels had made merry

above, blending the whole figure with its forest background, except the sunlit face with its wide-open ghastly eyes. "Hello!" said Bill; "I've been looking for you."

Advancing to the figure he prodded it with his finger, shaking a small shower of pine needles and leaves from its head and shoulders. "Wonder what he died of?" thought Bill. He himself could have lived weeks on spruce gum and berries alone, so he did not understand the complexities and shortcomings of the city constitution. Taking the compass from the stiffened fingers, he put it in his own pocket, saying, "I may need you." It was rapidly growing dark, so Bill built his fire, cooked his tea, and soaked his biscuits on the spot. Meanwhile, the sun had gone down, but the face was now lighted by the flicker of the fire. While drinking his tea, Bill stole a glance now and then at the dead man. "He ain't bad for a four-dayer," he thought, meaning both appearance and smell; then aloud to the corpse; "You'll be moving to-morrow." So one sat and watched while the other slept near by. Only the dead man was now looking at one of his feet. Bill must have disturbed his head when he touched him.

All the next day Bill tramped with the body on his shoulder. His sense of direction was excellent, so he made a straight cut to where he had left his canoe. In spite of his load he traveled fast; faster, in fact, than the dead man had ever traveled when alive, and for once, two men, one dead, went at the pace of a living one. As rain began to fall during the afternoon, Bill made a profitable exchange of his shabby serge coat for the more elegant waterproof khaki of his friend. It was rather narrow in the shoulders, but it kept Bill dry above the waist. At nightfall rain still fell in the quiet, determined, and everlasting fashion of the woods. Bill's heroic moccasins were very wet, and he looked with envy at the smaller shoes of his friend. "No go," said Bill to himself, contemplating another exchange. It was too wet to bother with a fire, so Bill placed his companion on the lower branches of a huge spruce, where he would be dry and not uncomfortable; then lay down under another spruce himself and slept well in his wet clothes.

There was no sun to rise with the next morning, but as soon as it was light enough to travel, Bill was on his way. It was still raining, and during the night each little branch and bough had gathered its load of crystal raindrops which sprayed Bill and his friend from head to foot as they pushed through the rain-soaked undergrowth, now snapping back a heavy evergreen rich with rain, now jostling a slight maple or birch, rattling every little leaf in a small downpour on their heads. About noon Bill entered a cedar swamp, which he remembered as the one he had traversed just after leaving his canoe. A few minutes later he came into the open which bordered the waterway, where, looking down stream, he saw two deer drinking in the shallows, one of which was a big buck. If Bill's rifle had been with him, there would have been two corpses in the party, not one. As it was, the rifle was in the canoe, which angered Bill, as he did not know whether he had come out above or below the place where he had left his craft. While Bill was pondering his bearings, the deer caught a scent and fled. "That was you," said Bill to his friend.

When Bill found his canoe, he jammed his companion in a secure position in front of the first thwart, saying, "You'll sit in the bow"; then, straightening up the head, "Look out for rocks." Pushing off he turned his bow into the down current, which bore him rapidly toward the first rapids. The passenger behaved admirable, Bill approving, sometimes silently, sometimes aloud. A week before the man would have walked, jumped out of the canoe, or tipped it over in his nervousness. This is where he began to be greater in the clay. Sitting untroubled in the bow, he stared ahead with an unwavering gaze, like a sure and silent look-out.

"Quietest man I ever had in the canoe," thought Bill to himself. Aloud he said, "You keep quiet like that all the way, an' we'll get there in no time." Bill was a power with the paddle and an atheist in regard to dangers. After dancing through a boiling pitch of water, he asked his companion, "How'd d'ye like that?" And the lap of the eddy at the foot of the falls spanked the bow of the canoe till it bobbed

up and down, so that the man nodded his head in time, as if he were approving and assenting to all Bill did and said. "He's a wise one," thought Bill.

Above Loon Falls, where all men must carry, Bill ran his canoe ashore. The natives who do things wisely carry the canoe over first and then come back for the wangun. It was Bill's proud boast that he made one trip where others made two. Picking up the canoe with the man rolling about inside, he started over the rough carry. Half way across he tripped and dropped his load. In some way the corpse rolled out of the canoe, the canoe itself bruising its canvas side on a pointed bit of granite. Bill went to the nearest pine for pitch, and while he was patching the hole, he talked to his companion, whom he had bolstered up against a stump that he might watch the handiwork.

In the meantime the impatient brother-in-law had waited days without result. Although the natives of the little settlement were thoroughly non-committal, they all "allowed" that Bill would come back. Worried by his inactivity and the answering of absurd telegrams, the brother-in-law went fishing for a day, and he was thus occupied when Bill returned with the body.

Bill had become very much attached to his friend by this time; therefore, he wished to celebrate the return of the lost in some befitting manner, but finding only the old way to fall back on, he got very drunk, even pouring whiskey down the other's throat. Some one protested, but Bill was always an impatient debater when full, so they let him alone. Till the brother-in-law reappeared, the corpse was Bill's. He played a poker hand with his dead friend for the compass, which he won on two kings. He played another hand for the permanent possession of the khaki coat, and won that, too; altogether he spent a very sociable evening. But a halt was called to the grotesque play when Bill climbed like a bear with his friend on his back to the top of a telegraph pole just outside the post office, where, holding him out at arm's length for a moment, he dropped him.

Bill had always understood that dead men could fly. As a matter of fact, the corpse fell very heavily to the ground, staving in much of

the face. The brother-in-law, returning from his fishing the next day, gasped with horror while Bill pointed to the face, saying significantly, "Moose!" Bill was handsomely paid for his performance. The loss of that beautiful delusion about flying after death was no doubt worth a great deal. The last heard of the brother-in-law was an attempt on his part to hold up the state legislature to pass a law whereby there would be no close time on moose. As for Bill, he still wears the waterproof khaki.

Waldo Peirce.

THE DESERT

That solemn waste is hushed forevermore
And nothing lives, but on the desert sand
Lost souls' trace with imperishable hand
The secrets of their mystic, deathly lore.
Like ruins of some vast Titanic war
The shattered desert lies, nor wakes the land
Save in the storm, when at the god's command
The mailed lightning shakes the rocky floor.
All night the caravans of stars go by
In silence. Still the sombre waste-land keeps
Its lonely watch while all the heaven sleeps,
And the lone moon is drowsy in the sky.
How delicate the trembling thrill that leaps
From heart to heart, as the pale star-fires die!

J. S. Reed.

THE FRESHMAN

I was stealing an hour for a little visit with my favorite poet, for the mass-meeting had left the corridors as still as on the afternoon of a football game. Consequently I was somewhat annoyed when a door opened down the hall and a minute later some one knocked. At my summons the door opened and the Freshman entered.

"Do you mind if I come in?" he asked. "It is so devilish still," he apologized.

"Certainly not," I replied, "but how comes it you are not at the Union? I was thinking *you* were a model Freshman, and this is the first football meeting I myself have missed in three years."

"Oh, I didn't feel just like the rough-house somehow to-night. Say! won't you play something?" he asked. "I would like to hear that Nocturne thing you used to play." The Freshman settled himself in a Morris chair and lit a cigarette, while I reluctantly got up.

"There is a lot of hopelessness in that,—in the way it runs up and breaks and then goes on differently," said he, as I finished.

I turned around on the piano stool and looked at him. The kid was evidently very much down on his luck, it seemed, and taking himself extremely seriously.

"It's funny, isn't it," he went on (speaking as earnestly as if he had discovered a new subject for an English A theme), "how things that you thought so important really don't matter at all?"

Homesick, I decided, closing my diagnosis, and, like most people so affected, keen on confidences. Well, I was in for a desolate hour or so and might as well get it over with. I got up and went over to the rack and selected a pipe. Ignoring a rather poorly kept tradition, I gave it to him and drew up another chair before the fire.

"Now," I continued, propping my feet up on the fender and leaning back comfortably, "fire away. Personally, I think you are just

a bit seedy. For the last week, since your football stopped, you haven't had any exercise, and you've smoked too much."

He attempted to say something, but I choked him off. When I get started on a homily, I do not like to be interrupted.

"Yes, you are feeling seedy and as a result imagine you are becoming a cynic. Ambition is a delusion and a snare; college life isn't what it is cracked up to be, and all that sort of thing. Well, perhaps a few of the grapes are sour, but even so, you are very well wrong. There are ahead of you the four greatest years of your life, four years of —"

"I am thinking of cutting it out,— for good," he said quietly.

"The hell you are!" I exclaimed. "Leaving college with all you have before you! Why, man, you are going to be a success, and it would be bad enough to talk that way if things were different. To a man who played the game you did on your Freshman eleven, everything is ahead of you."

"Clubs and teams and that sort of thing, you mean. Yes, I have thought of all that," he added without enthusiasm.

I saw that it would be necessary to play my trump card. I looked gravely at the fire, while inwardly I smiled. "And four years isn't long to wait, even for the girl at home." It so happened that the Freshman and I came from the same city. "It isn't fair to her, you know. And then there's Class Day and Junior Prom, and — why, man, there's the game on Saturday — you forget that. Even a staid old Senior like me is excited over it."

"I don't believe I shall go to the game," he said, getting the words out slowly.

"But I thought you were going to have her and the mater down."

"I was, but I heard from my mother to-night, and — well —" he stammered awkwardly, "and she said — that is — Helen died of appendicitis yesterday."

Laurie Davidson Cox.

THE GHOST WITH THE WOODEN LEG

" 'Tain't so," Mandy cried wildly. " 'Tain't so — "

" It's jist what Marse Hinry tol' me," the boy said. " An' I reckon he'd oughter know. Ebe war nat'r'l till he went to de wah an' got his right leg shot off an' comed back an' seen yo' ma what war a gwine ter marry him a'ready married to yo' pa. He went to live in de hanted cabin, but it warn't hanted den, an' yo' ma used ter live nex' do' — "

" 'Tain't so — "

" An' Marse Hinry said ef yo' ma ud a married him you'd a been a ghost chile an' maybe a *witch*."

Mandy stood quivering in a corner, looking blankly at young Abraham, the purveyor of this awful and mysterious tale. Her round, greasy face looked clammy; the numberless short plaits on her head pointed fearfully in every direction like frozen Gorgon snakes; her full lips were pressed tightly together. In her excitement she moved the back of her hand spasmodically over her distended nostrils.

" 'Tain't so," she murmured again and again.

" An'," the boy continued with conviction, " Marse Hinry said as how nobody could ever find Ebe's leg after it war shot off — an' de wooden leg comed from *nowhar*." He paused a moment and then went on hurriedly. " An' when he got back fum de wah an' foun' yo' ma married to yo' pa, he up an' said, ' I'll git eben wid you, M'ria, I'll git eben wid you.' An' didn't yo' sister die?"

" S-she warn't neber livin'."

" 'Tain't no matter — she war bewitched."

The girl backed still farther into her corner, and the plaits stiffened even more.

" D-did Marse H-Hinry tell you dat?" she panted.

"Yaas. An' he said when yo' sister died Ebe he jist grinned an' — "

"Doan-doan. 'Tain't so — "

"An' went off into de Scott woods, an' one day Uncle Lee seen him a-slicin' shavins fum his willow jint an' feedin' a fire wid 'em!"

"Slicin' his willow jint an' feedin' a fire wid de shavins!" Mandy almost screamed.

Abraham's head nodded vigorously. "An' as soon as he sliced off a shavin', on cum anoder, an' de mo' he sliced de mo' dey come, so's de jint neber got no smaller an' yit de fire war a-blazin' all de time. An' Ebe, he pulled out a jug fum his hind pocket as big as — as you is, Mandy, an' sparks war a-flyin' fum it like lightnin' bugs an' de licker sizzled when he swallered it — "

"Oh, Lawdy Gawd!"

"An' den he let de jug loose an' it went a — a-flyin' straight up — an' Ebe he stumped back home. Dey watched him after dat an' sho' nuf, he used ter build fires wif shavins, fum his wooden leg, in his own house. When Uncle Lee tolle Marse Hinry about it he jist laughed, an' Mis' Sally, she said, 'Po' Ebe.' All de niggers knowed den dat Ebe war visitated, an' dey sho' shied off fum him. He use ter stump roun' his cabin an' make all kinds of noises an' cusses. An' Ebe neber chopped no kindlin' an' no wood for fo' yeahs!" Abraham uttered the last sentence impressively.

"Didn't he git cold?" Mandy asked, interested in spite of her fear.

"Dere war fires a-burnin' all de time, but it war de willow jint dat fed 'em. An' it neber got no smaller! Well, after fo' yeahs Ebe died — an' de day befo' he says outer his window to yo' ma, he says, 'Yo' went an' married Ike while I was at de wah a-perfectin' of Marse Hinry, but I'll git eben wid you. Yo' gal died, an' yo' next un'll be a *ghost-gal!* — ' "

Mandy screamed and slid limply to the floor. Her eyes rolled vacantly in their sockets, her body shook like gelatin just released from its mould. Abraham backed slowly and fearfully to the wall, edging close to Mandy and knocking his foot several times against her leg to make sure she was there.

"Dey buried him in Brooks's Pasture," he mumbled mechanically in a monotone. "An' dat night—Oh, Gawd—!" They both collapsed as the door creaked and Maria came into the room. She was a stout, benevolent-featured negress of the "old school"—which means to a Southerner that she "knew her place," and that she could fry chicken and make waffles and biscuit better than any one else. Every one called her "Aunt Maria" after dinner.

"Doan be skeered, honey," she said to Mandy. "His ghost am laid."

"Keep away," the girl cried hysterically. "Say it ain't so, ma, say it ain't—"

"Mandy—"

"Mebbe Ise a ghost-gal, an'—an' you might a-been a *witch*—"

"I tell you Ebe's ghost am laid."

"Doan touch me. Keep away."

"I seed it go."

"Oh, ma, 'tain't so—say 'taint—"

"Now, honey, I kain't, 'case it *is*. I might 'a' been—"

"No—no—"

"But I ain't. It all come of lovin' me," she added complacently.

"Is you shore you ain't bewitched, an' I ain't a ghost-gal?"

"Yaas," Maria said, assuming unconsciously the aspirate tone of the professional teller of supernatural tales. "Yaas." She paused for effect, and then launched forth into her version of Ebe's apotheosis—an apotheosis so fearful that each time she recounted it she brought to it as much spontaneity and freshness as when the tale was new.

"De night he war buried—" Mandy and Abraham slid carefully along the wall to the bed. There they sat huddled together staring with all their eyes at the woman.

"De night he war buried me an' yo' pa war a-sleepin' peaceful-like, when all of a suddint I heerd suthin' thump—thump—thump. . . . Lawd, I shook—I sho did—thump—thump—thump. . . . I got down under de kivers an' I says, 'Ike, Ebe's ghost am a-walkin'—'Go on,' says he. 'Fo' Gawd's sake, man, doan disbelieve

me,' says I, huggin' him close. 'Listen fo' yo'self,' says I. Ike he stuck his head out an' mighty soon in it come agin, an' he hugged *me*. 'Gawd A'mighty,' says he, 'Gawd A'mighty. It sho' am his, M'ria, it sho *am*.'

"We hugged an' hugged under de kivers till dere warn't no air left, an' I says, 'Ike, stick yo' head out an' let in some air.' An' Ike he says. 'You stick yo' head out, M'ria.' Well, we decided ter stick 'em out at de same time. 'One,' says I. 'Two,' says I, an' I stuck out. But Ike he neber. 'Come out,' says I, 'you ole caw'd, 'tain't no mo!'" 'Shore?' says he. 'Shore,' says I. Ike he stuck out an' we looked outen de winder. Ebe's house war pitch black—an' still—on'y a sizzlin' soun' like grease a-meltin' in a pan. We war jist gittin' back in bed when—de good Lawd hab mercy on my soul ef dah warn't a light in Ebe's house, an' Ebe a-settin' on de flo' a-pilin' shavins fum his willow jint on a fire! 'Twarn't no fire ob dis heah earth. Lawd, no. 'Twar witches' fire! Blue an' yaller an'—an black."

"Black!" Mandy shivered, hugging Abraham closer.

"Ole Ebe he war a-feelin' roun' fer sunthin' an' den he says, moanin'-like: 'Isse cold an' I want a drink. Gimme back my jug, gimme back my jug!' An' den he fell on de fire an' it went out, an' ev'ything war pitch black agin.

"Me an' Ike we jist war flusticated. No mo' sleep fer us. Ike he says aftah while, 'M'ria, am it a-gwine ter walk ev'y night?' 'I reckin so, Ike,' says I. 'Well den,' says he, 'we'se a-gwine ter move fum heah.' But de nex' mawnin' I says, 'Tain't no use a-tellin' folks. Mebbe 'twarz Ebe's ghost!' Ike he shook his head, but he fotched a gun fum de house, an' dat night we set up.

"Sho' nuf, dar it war agin! Ike set wid de gun pintin' at de ghost, but it did ezackly like befo'—on'y de willow leg war thinner, an' de fire war red an' green an' pu'ple—an' fire spouted fum ole Ebe like whiskey burnin'. Ike says, 'Dar, it's gone. Tain't a-gwine ter molesticate us. Isse a-gwine ter see it all. Doan you go a-blabbin', M'ria.'

"Well, it kep' a-doin de same ev'y night, on'y de willow jint kep' a-gittin' thinner an' thinner, an' de fire war al'ays diffent colors. An' de fires on Ebe kep' gittin' brighter an' brighter. Sat'd'y night dere sot Ebe a-lightin' de fire as u-sual, but de jint war so thin it war like glass, an' dere warn't no shavins. Ebe he looked roun' an' mumbled-like ter hisself, an' den he got mad an' toah de rest of de jint fum his knee an' throwed it on de fire. He began a-feelin' his cloes same as ever, an' a-moanin': 'I'm cold an' I want a drink. Gimme back my jug.' . . . All of a suddint ev'ything war white like de Heavenly Spirrut — an' — good Gawd, dere war a sound same as Jedgment Day, an' dere war nothin' but smoke, an' Ebe war sent sailin' through de roof. Den anoder turrible crash — an' ev'ything war still."

"An' you'se sho' we ain't visitated, an' I ain't a ghost-gal?" . . . Mandy, like many other philosophers, hesitated before accepting the evidence of the mere senses.

David Carb.

THE RED HAND

Now that I look back, I realize what a "sorehead" I was and not at all the "blighted life" that I then imagined myself. I had some reason for soreness, to be sure; for I had just been beaten in a managership competition by an influential man who hadn't done half the work I had, and then, to crown it all, a notice had arrived informing me that I was on probation on account of neglected work. How I hated the Dean and everybody else! Oh, I was a sorehead, all right.

"Well, here I am," I remarked bitterly to Brodsky, who lived across the hall, "with not a thing to show for it but this notice and half a year's wasted work."

Brodsky sagely nodded his shaggy head. "I knew it was so," he said slowly. "I tolta you a Mt. Auburn Street fella would get it."

I was young and grievedly disappointed, and for two hours I unburdened my wrongs to Brodsky as he sat there with his great pipe in his mouth. It was about one o'clock, and outside the snow swirled about the eaves in its ghostly dance to the accompaniment of the wind-music in the elms. I was comforted by this opening of my heart, and the sound of the storm outside seemed to lull me into a sort of drowsiness. Brodsky sat on the other side of the fire-place, placidly puffing and nodding his great head. I remember talking aimlessly along for a while and then I must have stopped, for suddenly in a silence I heard the Mem. clock strike two. Without a word Brodsky stealthily arose and began to put on his coat. This struck me as queer, seeing that he lived across the hall. "Where are you going?" I asked abruptly. He seemed startled, but replied, "To a meeting of a club."

"You must be crazy," I answered. "Why, man, it's two o'clock A.M."

"Dat's when we meet," he growled; then, suddenly, with an evil grin, he asked, "Want to come along?"

"What is it?" I said, but he answered never a word. My curiosity was thoroughly aroused. I jumped up. "Wait a minute," I cried, but he was gone. I quickly followed, and caught up with him in the Yard. "Where to?" I asked, but he did not speak.

Out through the Johnson Gate we went in the face of the storm. Every light was out but the big arc that hissed above us and a red glimmer in the front of Little's. Not a soul stirred, and even our own footsteps were deadened in the snow. Brodsky shuffled ahead past the Coop. and thrust open a door in the strange looking building next to it; and we began to mount interminable stairs. At the very top landing a feeble gas-jet flared in the draught, but not a light showed from the transom of the room before us. But Brodsky knocked five times, and with a click the door swung silently in and we entered a pitch-dark room. Behind our backs the door shut mysteriously with an ominous sound, and the room flashed into sudden brilliance. Accustomed to the dark, the light blinded me for a moment, but soon I began to notice the details. Coarse red cloth covered tightly window

and transom, and draped the walls, lending a singularly devilish appearance to the whole apartment, which was further enhanced by a black banner over the door, upon which was sewed the reddened skeleton of a human hand. But what particularly drew my attention was a line of men who sat at a long table facing me, and drank deeply of a greenish liquor. They were of many types—a Chinaman, a negro, two or three men with Slavic features, and Merriman, whom I remembered as having been fired from college at the beginning of my Freshman year—but all were distinguished by the same wild look.

The negro rose from his seat with a terrible look on his face, and thrusting a glass of liquor toward me, bade me "Drink!" In vain I turned toward the door—there stood Brodsky, a sardonic leer upon his face. No one spoke a word. No one smiled. I began to hate the place, and the arm of the negro with the glass looked like the hand of Death. Mustering all my courage, while the fear clutched at my tongue, I said, "I don't care to drink, thank you, and I think I'd better be going." Then like a relentless fate the voice of the negro came again, in a harsher tone, "Drink." With trembling hands I seized the glass and drained it. The liquid was bitter-sweet, and thick, but not unpleasant to the taste, and as the fumes mounted to my unaccustomed brain, I lost my fear, and over my body crept a delicious glow. Then of a sudden my whole soul seemed aflame. I began to think brilliantly, and a flood of new and beautiful ideas crowded for utterance, while these strange men seemed somehow kindred of mine and strangely linked with my fate. Then, as if in a dream, I heard Brodsky saying softly, "Tell dem about de managership." In a moment I was talking, explaining my wrongs, and pleading eloquently with fiery denunciation of the Athletic Association, of the college, and of the Dean. I never talked so brilliantly, and when I finished, my audience burst into a fierce cry of approbation.

Then one after the other rose and recited his grievances against the office, and at each one we became more frenzied in our cries for "vengeance."

Finally the negro stood up and quieted the uproar with a gesture of his powerful arm. "You are now," he said to me, "among the Red Hand, who stand for equal rights and help to abolish despotism. Whoever has been insulted as you have been and has the courage of his feelings, we make a member. Are you with us?" In a mad rage I shouted, "Yes!"

"Then," he cried, "let us have the dice. The Dean is our common enemy." And from his pocket he cast a box and four dice on to the table. "You wins," said Brodsky. Some threw with abandon, others with fearful faces. The Chinaman drew four twos, and his yellow face went perfectly white. "Bong shi," he breathed in terror. I was muddled, and as yet couldn't understand what it all meant; so I threw boldly, and lo! four ones looked up at me from the white surfaces. "Aha!" I exclaimed with satisfaction. "I've won. Now, what shall I do?"

"Listen," said the negro. "Here is the bomb. You shall go to the office on the pretense of seeing the Dean, and when you enter his presence you shall hurl it full at him." He forced a package into my pocket. My heart stopped beating and my brain reeled. "I kill him!" I gasped. "If you fail in your glorious mission," went on the negro's voice, "you shall die by my hand, strangled in your bed." How they leered, those terrible faces, through the blue haze. Some one forced a glass to my mouth and I drank; immediately I became a hero again, with all the sense of my wrongs flaring up before my eyes. I dashed the empty glass to the floor. "By God!" I cried, "I will!" and I remembered no more.

When I came to myself I was lying in my own bed in my room, with the cheerful sunlight streaming in at the windows. I yawned and laughed happily.

"Gee, but I'm glad to shake that nightmare," I told myself. But way back in my mind a little doubt formed and refused to be satisfied. "Look and see," it said, "if the bomb is in your pocket." So just to assure myself I climbed out of bed and went to the chair where my clothes lay. What a chill gripped me as I felt the hard bundle! It

wasn't a dream after all. With the terror of it I lay down on the bed and sobbed aloud. When I looked up there was Brodsky smiling at me rather scornfully, but in his eyes and bearing was a new note of pride that changed his whole appearance. Try as I would, I could not gainsay the subtle command in his face. When I had dressed we started, but I desperately attempted to hide the bomb. Then when I thought all was well, Brodsky said softly, "Haven't you forgotten something?" Trembling, I returned and got it without a word. Neither of us spoke, but he hummed a strange little tune to himself as we passed through the snowy Yard.

Both of us mechanically turned into University and entered the ante-room. My heart was beating like a trip-hammer, every nerve was racked with pain, and I longed to dash out and run far away from everything; but Brodsky held me by something in his eyes. Nearer and nearer we crept to the door, until at last we were the first in the line. Then the door opened, and the Dean beckoned kindly to us. I turned fiercely to Brodsky with burning words on my lips, but when I caught his eye, my tongue froze, and I turned about and entered the office. Brodsky walked around in front where he could watch me. I put my hand in my pocket and gripped the thing; and as the Dean came forward with a pleasant smile, Brodsky said tensely, "Now!"

Crazed with rage, I seized the bomb and hurled it with all my force over the Dean's shoulder, and straight at Brodsky! There was an awful explosion and an agonized scream, and I felt myself falling down and down forever, in a chaos of shrieking voices. Then of a sudden I regained consciousness. There was the old familiar wall, the shadowy outline of McKinley's picture above the mantel-piece—my own room! So glad was I to be free of this terrible nightmare, that I almost wept with joy. Outside the snow-storm had ceased, but I could see a faint gleam on the white branches of the elms. Then suddenly in the darkness came the boom of the Mem. clock: one! — two! I waited for more with a vague apprehension, but there were no more. "But," I reasoned, "I remember distinctly the clock's striking two before I went to sleep." I was getting uncomfortable, although, of

course, I was foolish to even *think* of the dream. But I couldn't sleep from imagining, and the more I reasoned, the more restless I became. I foresaw a wakeful, tortured night if I didn't satisfy my silly fears; so I crept from my warm bed, and shiveringly put on my clothes. Then, cursing myself for a fool, I hurried downstairs and out into the night. The keen air cut like a knife, but I felt a sort of exhilaration to be out in the empty starlight. As I turned out the northern Yard gate, somewhere in the direction of the Union, the moon was coming up, although as yet I could see nothing but the frosty light on the housetops. So that I might sleep better for the exercise, I walked down Cambridge Street and along Massachusetts Avenue, and came again into the Yard by the Johnson Gate. The moon had risen a little way, but was hidden by a silver-rimmed cloud. There wasn't a sound in all the night but the whistle of the wind in the trees. I peered ahead vaguely in the dark, already partly reassured.

Then quick as thought the moon slipped from under her blanket, and to my horror, I saw her peering at me through a great jagged hole in the wall of University, which still sent up a veil of thin smoke like incense into the night.

John S. Reed.

JIMMY AND THE DINGLE FAIRY

It was down in the "dingle" that Jimmie saw his first fairy. Jimmie called the place the "dingle" because he had seen that name in a book, and because "dingle" has a pleasant sound and some mysterious meaning. Dells and grottoes and dingles are where fairies are to be found, if they are to be found at all. "A grotto," Jimmie once told me, "is a rock with a hole in it, and green moss on the floor, and pink s'latites on the roof, and a babbling brook just outside, and ferns — and — and — things. A dell is a little valley in

the woods where trees can't grow, 'cause it's magic ground. A dingle's 'bout the same, only it needn't be in the forest, and has rocks and flowers in it."

The place where Jimmie saw the fairy was a dingle. It was a hollow between two odd little hills that some Indian tribe had heaped there, long ago. White birches covered the hills, surrounding the little valley on all sides with gleaming tree trunks and silver-green foliage. The dingle itself was only a little patch of short grass, on which the sunbeams danced and little round shade spots trembled and shook,—the shadows that the birch leaves cast. A granite boulder, like some huge gray griffin turned to stone, crouched at the upper end, and a single columbine tossed its scarlet tassels in the breeze close to its weathered side.

Jimmie had never picked that columbine, "because columbines are rare in Massachusetts," he says, "and folks oughter let 'um grow." Besides, it added a little touch of color to the green and white furnishings of the dingle, and was its only flower. He would lie down in the grass, pressing his face into the cool sod, and try to look up between the columbine stocks at the blue sky, against which the blossoms showed as dancing spots of red. It was easy, resting so, to fancy himself a fairy, living in a house woven of leaves and meadow grass, with sometimes a sip of dew and honey at midnight, brought to him in a bluebell cup by a brown field mouse, or some maple sap drawn by a wood-boring beetle and borne to him on a green moth's back in a bottle made of a milkweed pod.

These ideas never came to Jimmie outside of the dingle. If you wonder why, it is only because you are stupid and unfamiliar with magic spells. Jimmie told me about it once, and his explanation is very clear. "It's the dingle that makes me think 'um," he declared. "It's magic ground, there. If you stamped on the gray rock by the light of the new moon, with a rabbit's foot in your left hand, when the death's-head moth flaps among the birches, the rock would move—and *then*—yes sirree!—you'd see those magic stairs the gnomes built for the fairies; and course, when I'm there,

with the 'chanted rock near, and my head under the magic columbine, and the fairy steps underneath, I just gotter think strange things.' That is Jimmie's own sentence, except for the period. Jimmie seldom uses a period; he goes on and on, stringing his thoughts together in an endless chain. When I report what he says, I feel like filling a salt-cellar with dots and shaking them over his remarks.

Jimmie seldom speaks of the dingle even now, though he *has* seen a fairy in it. He thinks, it seems, that the dingle belongs to the fairy folk, and that he is only allowed in it because he believes in them and does not expose their secrets to other people. Jimmie told me about the whole matter, because, on a May day, the fairy queen crowned me with a daffodil wreath and proclaimed me historian of the fairies; and the gnomes scattered moon-shine and fox-fire over me, until I gleamed like a pillar of phosphorus. The moths fluttered around in a weird dance that they had learned for the occasion, and the bats swept in long circles over my head. A myriad elves tossed flower garlands about the dell and woke the echoes that mortals cannot hear with their shrill, elfin laughter. And a troll, with one red eye and a back humped like a dromedary, trailed a comet through the forest, leaving behind a golden trail of young stars. Oh, it was a great occasion, that time I was crowned by the fairy queen!

Jimmie felt, for this reason, that I should know the story of his meeting with the fairy, and told it to me one winter's night when the lights were out and the wind was mourning in the pine by the gate over the loss of her playmates, the leaves. They were buried by old winter in a bank of snow because they had flapped their saucy brown wings in his face. Well, it was a good time to tell stories, and when I had turned the logs on the fire and settled back in my chair, Jimmie began.

"I know'd the fairies made the dingle," he said, in a whisper, "long before I seen her."

"Whom?" I interrupted.

"The fairy," said Jimmy, "the flower fairy. She was dressed as a moss-rose, with a pansy for a cap and a suit of rose petals trimmed with spider lace."

"Oh!" said I, and closed my eyes.

"But she doesn't come in until later," my friend went on. "I was always hopin' to see a fairy in the dingle, and I'd been there three times by moonlight and once at midnight with a rabbit's foot in my left hand; and I only seen a big green moth. It floated away among the birches with a little rustling sound. I don't know whether I heard its wings or only the wind in the birches."

He paused, and we sat in silence for a while.

"I never seen the fairy, till one day I lay in the dingle, thinkin'. My head was under the columbine and my eyes were shut. Then I heard some one call, 'Jimmie! Jimmie!' I opened my eyes.

"The rock was twisted round, and white steps went down into the ground — little steps, so small I couldn't a-put the toe of my boots on 'um. And on the top step stood — the — fairy!"

Again there was a long, thoughtful pause. I said nothing, and Jimmie began again:

"It was she called me. She was no bigger'n my thumb, and dressed as I said, and more prettier than anything I ever seen before — just as you said she'd be. And she looked at me and laughed. 'Jimmie,' she said, and her voice was like the tinkle of cow-bells from the upper pasture. 'Jimmie, didn't you hear me callin'?' 'Yes'm,' said I. I was some scared, she was so small. 'Your Majesty, I mean,' I said. 'I am not the queen,' said the fairy, in a pleased way. 'I'm only one of her maids-of-waiting. My name's Aurora.' I didn't say nothin.' I just lay and waited

"'I'm goin' to tell you about the old days,' she went on, 'before the white mortals came from over the sea and drove the Amerinds back.'

"Who are the Amerinds?" I asked.

"The American Indians, of course," she answered; "the wise men call 'um Amerinds for short. In England we'd built cloud-ships

and floated over the sea, on the summer winds, long before; and the elves and the gnomes were with us, and goblins, satyrs, and sprites. There was such a noise at our comin' that the spirits of the Indians swept westward in a cyclone, and the sachems said evel was comin'. The fairy queen held her court in a dell in the Blue Hills, and the old Amerind witch-doctors were there. They came half-naked, with long, flying hair, and danced about in the shadows, changin' sometimes into wolves that snarled and fought ferociously in the shadows, and sometimes into screamin' eagles that circled above our heads. We paid 'um with charms and spells for amusin' us, and danced for 'um the elf-dance in magic rings on the moss.'

"Oh!" said I, wonderingly.

"No one but the witch-doctors ever saw the elf-dances," she said. "Those who see 'um become wise, you know, and can chant spells of their own. An old hag once walked a day's tramp from Salem town and joined the Amerind witch-doctors. She squatted in the shadows and mumbled to herself, while the Amerinds tore her hair and scratched her face. When she'd seen the elf-dance, she changed herself into a big eagle and drove the Amerinds away. The people of Salem ducked her, later, in the pond; but her spirit comes on the wind, at night, and dances with us still."

"The Blue Hills are not our reg'lar meetin' place. The fairy people have a land of their own—a place in the mountains of Pennsylvania, where the Alleghany River runs red as blood, and the green summits are wooded and conceal on their slopes torrents of blood that rush down over black stones to the river. All that country, from the caves of Stone City to the eastern plains of Maryland, is enchanted, and the king of the gnomes holds his court there, in a coal cavern under the mountains."

He stopped for breath.

"She told you all that?" I asked, in surprise..

"Yes—and 'bout a cavern where the water-sprites drag their victims and mouth over their whitening bones; and of a place in the green sea, where the mermen have built a palace of coral in a

forest of kelp, to store away the bodies of mortals who drown. And she told me of a thing that rides on the clouds, and pours molten fire through the rifts, that flashes down as lightning to the earth. And of a headless man who holds seven hills on his back—he is headless, so he won't think nor hear nor see, forever; for, if he thought, he'd discover his load is over heavy; and if he heard, he'd be scared by the wind in the trees on the hill slopes an' 'ud let 'um drop; and if he saw, he'd see he bore seven hills, an' 'ud throw 'um down's hard's he could. There'd be such an earthquake as you never want to feel, and the stars would be shaken into the sea."

"This is wonderful, indeed," said I.

"Ah," said Jimmie, "you should a-heard her tell it!" and he ran away to bed, to dream of the dingle and the birch trees.

David MacGregor Cheney.

*ON THE SEVENTY-FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTH
OF ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE*

(Born on April 5, 1837)

How blest is he in whom the Muse abides!
His is the legioned might that knows no death;
His is the sword that hangs in endless poise;
His is the torch whose all-illuming flare
Fires the crystal caves where Beauty dwells.

Thou, Swinburne, art the conjurer of her spells;
Thine is her soft-songed soul, known everywhere;
Thine is her surging sea of life, whose voice
Is the low sobbing of the waves, its breath
The ebbing and the swelling of the tides!

John S. Miller, Jr.

Editorials

As the spring breaks into summer, and all the world about allures us more and more, a certain hatred inevitably turns our faces from the tiresome occupation of books, lectures, conferences, and **Lectures and Spring** all the mechanics and routine of knowledge. Perhaps it is because in the routine we forget the purpose, that we so soon weary of what should be,— if not amusing, at least, not unpleasant; or perhaps it is merely the perverseness of the season and a certain obstinacy in the blood that rebels at all imposed effort.

Yet, think what we may, it is evident that in many cases the fault does not lie wholly with ourselves. Mathematics and engineering may be narrow walls for the mind that is restless with springtime, but certain studies contain within them the color and vitality of the world, and are no more portions of the dusty house of mere learning than is the air of summer itself. Literature and history are living and magical things, capable of arousing and satisfying our restlessness, matter for our activity, and as appealing and fresh as a June day.

How often, alas, does the well-meaning but uninspired teacher reduce them to a mere refuse of the years, subjects for scientific analysis rather than enthusiastic understanding. With them, living things have lost their real value — literature has become philology — the past, a disconnected epoch, and knowledge in itself, a sophistic and ultimate goal. It is hard to define the exact cause of such conditions, but perhaps it is the lack of humanity, the failure to see human and living things in a contemporaneous and vital light, — not as dead chronicles, not as books, but as forces which are working to-day in the real world, as truly as winds and waves. The great writers and minds of the past are surely well fortified and defended against the qualities of commonplaceness and tedium; but how often does the pedant, by a supreme stroke of dullness, almost amounting to genius, break down their defence of beauty very totally and effectually. If these studies

were more comprehensively regarded, there could be no such dictum as this (delightfully unconscious in its cynicism) from the pen of a candidate in entrance examinations, "Milton was a very great poet because he was so full of mythical allusions."

One of the most pitiful faults of the Harvard undergraduate is his narrow-mindedness. I do not mean narrow-minded in the technical **Undergraduate** sense, but simply the unwillingness to believe that any **Narrow-mindedness** point of view, other than one's own, is worth consideration. Most men enter college with a certain fixed code of what they approve and disapprove of, and whomever they are thrown into contact with, they damn or sanction accordingly. We take little pains to ascertain or measure the real quality of men different from ourselves, and are much too apt to form our opinions hastily. It is surprising how often two men, both admirable types, who, if they really understood, or tried to understand each other, would be the best of friends,—are estranged by laziness and a few superficial differences. Each man thereby loses an enormous opportunity for broadening himself. Opinions should not be swords with which to ward off possible modifiers. If a man's opinions do not change from year to year, it is pretty likely that they are already dead and rotting.

There is room in the modern world for all sorts and conditions of men, and because A is a good fellow and a republican it does not follow that B, who is a democrat, is a fool. If the undergraduate could only realize that it is not weak to change his point of view when he has found a better one, and that the man who is in reality the master of the situation is the man who has an inquisitive and serious attitude toward the views and personalities of others, even when they conflict with his own!

To lose oneself in the general mass and multitude of men, and to feel a fundamental, underlying basis of passionate sympathy with all human modes of emotion, is the only way to find one's best individuality.

TO A FAUN

Faune, nympharum fugientum amator. — Horace

O happy Faun, I saw thee yesternight
Pursue the laughing Nymphs among the sheaves
 Of yellow wheat. Above, the harvest moon
Hung over-golden, like a censer bright,
 Sprinkling faint-scented beams amid the leaves.
 And then to-day I found thee at midnoon
Reclined and piping on thine oaten reeds:
 Thy lips, a skein of scarlet, were close-tied
 In a true-lover's knot; soft zephyrs brought
With heapéd hands, fragrant, quaint-tinted seeds
 In sweet confusion; and from yonder side
 The timid Naiads watched thee from their grot.

Edward Eyre Hunt.

Book Notices

William Blake

WILLIAM BLAKE. By A. C. Swinburne (new edition). E. P. Dutton.
New York.

WILLIAM BLAKE; MYSTICISME ET POESIE. By P. Berger. Société
Française d'Imprimerie et de Librairie. Paris.

WILLIAM BLAKE. By Arthur Symons. E. P. Dutton. New York.

BLAKE'S POETICAL WORKS. Edited by John Sampson. Clarendon
Press. Oxford.

THE REAL BLAKE. By Edwin J. Ellis. McClure, Phillips. New York.

THE ART OF WILLIAM BLAKE. By Elisabeth L. Cary. Fox, Duffield.
New York.

Seldom is literature concerning a neglected artist-poet assembled so definitely within a few years of a revival of interest. After the brave attempt of Messrs. Yeats and Ellis in their monumental and costly edition, we may consider these books as "the last word." There are certain drawings and literary remains which came, after Blake's death, into the hands of the mercurial Tatham, and which remain to be accounted for, but their discovery will scarcely affect the specialist estimate.

Swinburne's essay appeared in 1866, soon after Gilchrist's, and the timeliness of this reprint is a benefit to all Blake admirers. It was written when the poet's critical faculty was at its best, and forms, with Gilchrist's, the ablest essay in Blake literature. M. Berger's exhaustive work is especially useful as the only ambitious foreign estimate. His study of Blake's mysticism is true and enlightening, and includes an interesting chapter on Blake's models and his literary imitators. There

is a German verse translation of *The Tiger* given in Prof. Sampson's splendid edition, but none in French, and M. Berger has contented himself with making a close paraphrase.

Prof. Sampson's edition is perhaps the most valuable contribution, and it is indispensable because of his respect for the originals, as well as for his illuminating notes. The chief objection against the Quaritch edition of Messrs. Ellis and Yeats is the liberty taken in the exposition of the Prophetic Books by substituting and amending the originals. While the aim was commendable, the means were reprehensible. Prof. Sampson not only prints the originals and their many versions, but also brings a scholarly care to his collations and notes.

And yet Mr. Ellis' work cannot be overlooked. He has ever been an ardent expositor. His new portrait of Blake, while often extravagant, is constructed with careful reference to all extant material, and forms, with Mr. Symon's study, a useful handbook. Mr. Symon's book is important not so much for his personal comment (though that is surely interesting by one who so ably presented the French Symbolists!) as it is for the results of his research, and his editing of Crabb Robinson's diary. He has definitely established Blake's ancestry, which is not Irish as hitherto supposed, and has also identified the forbears of the poet-artist. The inclusion of Crabb Robinson's diary is happy and thoughtful; it is the actual testimony (so barely accessible) of one who knew Blake: and the diary intimately traces the development of Blake's genius, with humorous comment on the vagaries it often exhibited.

Miss Cary's study of Blake's art is discriminating, and is to American, what Mr. Binyon's study is to English readers. She has had access to *The Sketch Book* which the Rossettis once owned. Very firmly she disputes Mr. Symon's theory that Blake made no very elaborate studies for his designs. The beautiful reproductions from *The Sketch Book* support her contention. Blake evidently bestowed much care and forethought on each study, and so elaborated that he

was able to repeat the original design in various forms. Miss Cary's tasteful selections, and her critical appreciation, offer a good parallel handbook for those who wish to study the mystic poet in the sister art where his genius really ripened.

The path is now blazed for all Blake students, and, let us hope, will lead to a more scholarly and painstaking, and a less rhapsodic enthusiasm!

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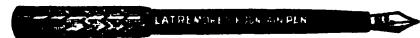
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THE
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VOL. XLVI

MAY, 1908

No. 3

THE HARVARD DRAMATIC CLUB

Now that a Harvard dramatic club is under way and ready to begin active work next autumn, the first question to be asked may very well be, "Why another society bent on performing plays?" We are already presented with almost more undergraduate productions during the college year than the college can support. There are the Molière revivals of the *Cercle*, the Elizabethan revivals of the *Delta Upsilon*, two operettas and the annual play of the *Deutscher Verein*. Even the *Sociedad Espanola* is soon to tread the stage, and it will doubtless not be long before the *Circolo Italiano* dons the sock or the buskin. With three clubs and two language societies committed to an annual play, a new dramatic society must seem gratuitous at first glance.

This, however, is the serious aspect of the situation and the readiest way of misunderstanding it. For there is a decided need now — indeed, there has been during several years past — for an organization that should express an interest in the drama more fundamental and perhaps more significant than is now represented in our various undergraduate productions. And that interest is nothing less than an enthusiastic study of the modern theater, particularly in England and America. That it has taken its place among other intellectual interests of the literary undergraduate is due to Professor Baker and his two courses, English 39 and English 47; the first on the history of the modern English drama, the second on playwrighting itself. The student of the theater can gain here a knowledge of certain vital

phases of dramatic history so recent that their significance has not yet been summed up in any text-book or authoritative treatise, this procedure being quite the reverse of the usual collegiate method, which consists in mere comment or repetition of certain critical dicta from Aristotle to Lessing. Indeed, our dramatic department here is unique in that it does not study our theater as a series of immortal dramas, but deliberately turns to playwrights of such relative importance as Jones or Pinero, in order to remind us of the possibilities of the modern drama, which they have no more than hinted at. More than all, we are reminded of the imperfect and tentative character of playwriting as an art, to the development of which the undergraduate intending to follow literature as a profession may well devote himself. And Professor Baker's course on the problems of dramatic construction raises Harvard to a unique position among the universities of the world, so that to-day it is probably alone in teaching the writing of plays just as it would teach the writing of essays.

It would be difficult to overestimate the influence of these two courses beyond the lecture-room. They have turned out not those retired and profound individuals, "serious students of the drama," but men, for the most part, determined to make playwriting or journalistic criticism their lifework. For the past few years plays have been written by certain undergraduates and submitted to play readers or to managers themselves, and several plays which seem likely to be produced shortly were penned when their authors were undergraduates. There is an increasing number of men here with whom interest in the drama is continually at a fever pitch. You may hear them exchanging advice over meals at the Union or discussing niceties of construction as they stroll up Brattle Street. There are besides an increasing number of graduates who return annually with the purpose of taking one or more of Professor Baker's courses. Harvard is fast becoming a school for the young playwright. We have here dramatic style and dramatic opinion in the making. Our dramatic department stands in closer relation to the *Zeitgeist* than a university department ordinarily can. It appeals essentially to the young man; it turns his face from the past towards the future and

the possibilities of modern drama. And it has succeeded in arousing activity and contagious enthusiasm in the intellectual life of the undergraduate body.

Nothing is more essential than that this enthusiasm should be given organized expression. The burden of the "Varied Outlooks" has been precisely the recognition that the average undergraduate does not regard life here as a preparation for his life beyond the college walls, is not eager enough to see under what great causes of the day he can eventually enlist, does not utilize his opportunities here sufficiently to arouse his enthusiasm for the possibilities of his own time. Now one of these is undoubtedly the drama. We no longer see it with Puritan prejudice as a lure of the devil, or as a mere means of amusement at any cost. We are beginning to see that the drama must be for us what it was in the Athens of Pericles or the England of Elizabeth, a vital and necessary expression of national life. The movement towards a national theater, at once popular and literary, is widespread. Yeats has made his Abbey Theater in Dublin an integral part of the growth of a national self-consciousness in Ireland. In England, William Archer, a critic of long standing, and Granville Barker have published a prospectus for an English national theater. An endowed theater is now under construction in New York. Only recently Percy MacKaye reminded us of a theater of wide poetic appeal which might be achieved. The frequency with which the cry, "the great American play," is raised by the press agent testifies to the fact that we are consciously creating a distinctively American drama. On all sides there is a fresh realization of the literary, social, and political aspects of the theater from the mystic plays of Yeats or Maeterlinck to the stirring preachments of Brieux. Every blow struck now is struck while the iron is hot. Every success is an effective force in shaping the destinies of American drama.

It is the sense of renewed and portentous activity in dramatic matters, and the new types of plays being evolved, that the Harvard Dramatic Club must bring home to us. It must remind the literarily inclined undergraduate that he is living in the time of a literary movement, when he can devote himself to a cause. It should be a club

primarily for the playwright, the theorist, and the enthusiast, and its aim must be, above all, to bring undergraduate life into vital contact with all that is most significant in modern drama.

In this connection the Yale Dramatic Society offers us an encouraging example and a basis for contrast. Founded in 1901, it has produced up to now a dramatized version of *The Pardoner's Tale*, a mystery play; Jonson's *Silent Woman*; Heywood's *Fair Maid of the West*; Goldsmith's *Good-natured Man*; Pinero's *Magistrate*, *King Henry IV*, and more recently Ibsen's *Pretenders* and Wilde's *Importance of being Earnest*. This spring the club is to go on the road with a translation of Gogol's comedy, *The Revizor General*. The cycle, it will be seen, is historical, and at the outset was intentionally so, a plan which, however, cannot be entertained by our dramatic society, as it must, to justify itself, confine itself to modern drama exclusively. But one other intention of the founders so far adhered to is that the association should produce "only dramas of great literary value and only those which were seldom or never played on the professional stage." And after financial ups and downs only to be expected, the acting version of *The Pretenders* (so the secretary writes me in response to a request for information) netted four hundred dollars, despite the fact it required one hundred men and nine sets of scenery. This remarkable production of one of Ibsen's great romantic dramas was an artistic success as well, winning the enthusiastic commendation of New York critics; and it proves conclusively that a college dramatic society may set a high literary standard for itself and produce plays which no ordinary commercial manager would consider, and yet continue upon a firm financial basis.

Some such policy must assuredly be the aim of our dramatic society. There are other modern dramas like *The Pretenders*, *The Importance of being Earnest*, or *The Revizor General*, which are never presented in this country, or are never offered in the regulation commercial theaters. We must endeavor to single out all that is significant, vital, and new in modern drama, and make ourselves of service by bringing it before the undergraduate body. There are other plays by Wilde now rarely seen, a large series of plays produced at

the Abbey Theater, some quite simple and human in appeal, which are possible material, also plays like some of Mr. Jones, unjustly neglected upon their original appearance, and translations as well of Brieux or Schnitzler. It will not do to exclaim that college men will not patronize such performances. Unless the Dramatic Club can arouse such interest, it will fail to justify itself.

But in respect to membership our dramatic club will differ markedly with Yale's. There members are elected on the basis of test readings, usually from *The Rivals*. Here a man's ability in writing plays will be perhaps his first right to membership. The club can only be the center of enthusiastic discussion and coöperation and experiment it ought to be if it remains primarily an organization of undergraduate dramatists, though competent actors will of course form a necessary and important part of its membership. The chief production each year—there are to be two, one in the fall, the other in the spring—is to be the performance of some play written by an undergraduate. As English 47 is to be given next year, some fifteen one-act plays and fifteen three-act plays, the required work in the course, will be available.

Though this estimate is purely personal, and by no means represents the official program, it may serve as a sketch of the immediate outlook for the Harvard Dramatic Club and its place in undergraduate life. With the production each autumn of a modern drama of exceptional and commanding interest, such as have been presented at Yale, and the staging each spring of a play by an undergraduate, the Dramatic Club should in a very short while become one of our most important activities. At Yale plans are already being formulated for the erection of a University Theater. Is it too much to expect that before long, when Mr. Jones comes again to lecture to us, or when Mr. Robertson or Miss Adams play for us, we shall listen to them as well as to our Dramatic Club in a Harvard Theater?

Lee Simonson.

DANTE IN SANTA CROCE OF THE RAVEN

(Translated from the Italian of Arturo Graf)

Cloister in the monastery of Santa Croce. In a corner, in full light, Dante, with his back to a column. From the opposite side, which is in shadow, Frate Ilario and Frate Eligio advance, conversing in subdued tones. The decline of day, between the ninth hour and vespers.

FRATE ILARIO

And said he nothing?

FRATE ELIGIO

Nothing. But his eyes
He fixed upon me, silent. Ah, that gaze!
I never felt the like of it!

FRATE ILARIO

And thou
Didst not request his name?

FRATE ELIGIO

I dared not ask.

FRATE ILARIO

And is he young or old?

FRATE ELIGIO

Not old, in sooth,
Yet as a man burdened by great misfortune,
And one whose mind by care is deeply cumbered.
He has not moved. Behold him there, his eyes
Are fixed upon the ground.

FRATE ILARIO (*pausing*)

How strange his aspect!

FRATE ELIGIO

Beholding him withal — I know not why,
But I feel troubled.

FRATE ILARIO

Prithee, go thou on,
And leave me with him: I would question him.

Frate Eligio walks on. Frate Ilario approaches Dante and pauses before him. Dante does not seem to notice him.

FRATE ILARIO (*after a silence*)

Kind stranger!

(Dante lifts his eyes and stares Frate Ilario in the face without uttering a word.)

Pray, what seekest hither?

DANTE (*with profound voice*)

Peace.

FRATE ILARIO

To all of us may God Almighty grant it.
Thy name?

DANTE

It has not sounded very long.
'Twill be new to thee: Dante Alighieri.

FRATE ILARIO

Thy country?

DANTE

Florence.

FRATE ILARIO

Noble land, in sooth,
Is Florence.

DANTE

And misfortuned. Who art thou?

FRATE ILARIO

My name is Frate Ilario. Though unworthy,
I am the prior of this monastery.
And what is thy condition, prithee?

DANTE

Poet,
And follower of truth.

FRATE ILARIO

God only is truth.

DANTE

So I believe.

FRATE ILARIO

And why didst thou depart,
And now dost wander far from thy own land?

DANTE

I do not flee her: she doth banish me.

FRATE ILARIO

For what offence?

DANTE

For no offence of mine;
Yet for the hate toward him who is just, and who
Would shelter her from ruin.

FRATE ILARIO

Thus oft it haps.
Thy word gains faith, for undeserved wrong
Wounds most, and thou hast craving for thy nest.

DANTE

The sun shines o'er all countries.

FRATE ILARIO

Aye; and yet . . .

DANTE

This exile given to me I hold an honor.*

FRATE ILARIO

Thou seem'st to me a man of lofty heart,
Of sturdy faith, and worthy of less misfortune.

(*After a brief silence*)

And in this solitude what seekest thou?

DANTE (*pensive*)

Peace.

FRATE ILARIO

This is of peace the refuge.

DANTE

Father! . . .

(*The sound of an organ is heard. Dante remains in suspense, listening.*)

FRATE ILARIO

Why silent? What dost think?

DANTE

I am reminded

Of my fair San Giovanni.

* This is a verse in one of Dante's Canzoni.

FRATE ILARIO

At this hour
Are wont to train themselves to song and music,
The younger brothers. But thou must be wearied
From thy long journey, and in need of rest.
Behind us is the country rough, unhealthful,
And empty of all people. Hast thou seen
The ruins of Luni?

DANTE

Greater ruin by far
I lately saw in Rome. All things have death
Down here.

FRATE ILARIO

Since God hath sent thee to these walls,
Here, in His name, abide with us as brother
Some days in peace.

DANTE

My father, from my heart
I thank thee; but the long road presses me —
I may not linger.

FRATE ILARIO

Whither art thou bent?

DANTE

Toward France.

FRATE ILARIO

The road is wearisome and long
Over the mountains.

DANTE

Yea!

FRATE ILARIO

Abide with us

Until the morrow.

DANTE

In Lerici I must be
This day.

FRATE ILARIO

Thou alone the reason of thy steps
Knowest; but may I not in aught befriend thee?

DANTE

Perhaps . . .

FRATE ILARIO

Reveal thy thought.

DANTE

Thou knowest the fame
Of Uguccion della Faggiola?

FRATE ILARIO

Yea,

Who knows it not? Pisa commands his rule,
And there is not a lord in Italy
More valorous and wise than he.

DANTE

Wouldst thou

Convey to him a book? . . .

(Again the organ is heard, and again Dante remains in suspense, listening.)

FRATE ILARIO (after a few instants)

A book? . . .

DANTE

A book

That I composed;—or better, part of that
Which to his name I wished entituled.

FRATE ILARIO

Small thing to ask, and easy to perform.
Do thou entrust it to me.

DANTE (taking from his bosom a small volume)

Take it.

CHOIR (from inside)

*Liber scriptus proferetur
In quo totum continetur
Unde mundus iudicetur.*

DANTE (with face transfigured)

Ah!

FRATE ILARIO (amazed and troubled, looking at Dante)

This book! . . . those strains divine! . . .

(After some while he opens slowly the volume and reads aloud)

"Through me the way is to the city dolent; *
Through me the way is to eternal dole;
Through me the way among the people lost.
Justice incited my sublime Creator;
Created me divine Omnipotence,
The Highest Wisdom and the Primal Love.
Before me there were no created things,
Only eterne, and I eternal last.
All hope abandon, ye who enter in!"

(Rapid, stormy passage of the organ)

CHOIR

*Judex ergo cum sedebit
Quidquid latet apparebit,
Nil inultum remanebit.*

(Dante and Frate Ilario remain silent before one another)

R. Altrocchi.

THE SINS OF THE FATHERS

Part I

The charm of Rodney Court lay for Howard Burgess in the fusion of many qualities. These he did not wish to analyze, as was his custom with most things in life, or even to search for the chief ingredient which lay at the bottom of his liking for the home of his fathers. Of course, he could not help recognizing an atmosphere peculiarly acceptable to the condition of his nerves; an atmosphere

* Taken from Longfellow's translation.

of delicious indolence, of quiet fragrance and richness, heavy, yet not the least oppressive, calm, without vacant silences. The box hedges, thick with the growth of many years, the oaks and walnuts, massive and stately, the smooth-paved walks left on his senses an impression of a peace established by the mere lapse of time. As he lay stretched on his steamer chair, he felt thankful to the former Rodney who had imported the lemon and orange trees, lining the avenue near the house in their gray-green pots, and the gardenias and oleanders filling the air with a heavy exotic scent, mingled with the odor of the honeysuckle, which mounted the corners and part of the front of the porch in a vine so thick that the sun could but just struggle through to dot the floor with spots and streaks of subdued light.

Burgess' illness had left his nerves in a condition of hypersensitive acuteness. When he had first reached Rodney Court the tone of the place affected him so strongly that he had had a relapse; the reaction was too much after eight days on the deck of a steamer, where he had lain in his rugs hour after hour, watching the ceaseless furrow and the endless line which divides sky and water. For the first four days, it is true, the sea air had invigorated him. At Marseilles he had been carried on the boat, every nerve quivering in agony, broken by sickness, though the fever had left him. Even now, secure at the end of his rapid convalescence, he felt physically weak when he thought of that horrible journey from Africa to the French coast. When the malarial fever had come he had been shooting big game with his English valet and a dozen blacks. Through six weeks, while the disease raged, the man nursed him, pulling him through at last with a face scarcely less hagard than his own. Then it was that he began to realize the delicate state in which the fever had left his organs of perception. Day after day every sound, however slight, thrilled along his whole system in tense throbs of pain. It was not until his steamer left Marseilles that he began to feel more normal.

Now he realized an increase in his powers of perception and appreciation; things which before he had overlooked left him unhappy for days. The sight of an inflated Jewess sucking an orange near

him on the steamer had given him two sleepless nights. As his convalescence at Rodney Court made him stronger each day, the emotion caused by such occurrences passed gradually into his usual feeling of mild disgust.

As he lounged along the smooth, rolling lawn under the trees, through which the shining sun spotted the grass with shadows, dancing to the soft music of the rustling branches, he reviewed his ten years on the continent, intercepted with occasional visits home, where the memory spaces seemed much dimmer. When the light was softer and a sweet coolness rose from the woods about the house, he was in the habit of wandering down to a little marble sun-dial standing in the flower garden; the motto was in Italian, commenting with gentle melancholy on the pathos of passing time. He felt pleased at recognizing a verse from Dante, wondering with momentary interest where the passage was to be found. He thought of Italy, of an evening, a half-dozen years ago, when he had walked into Lugano, tired and dusty and hot from his tramp from Bellinzona; had taken a swim in the lake amid the purple of the hills and the shades of varying red and gold of the sun-kissed water; had walked up and down in front of the bathhouses in his *peignoir*, smoking a cigarette as he watched the lake; and finally had supped, overlooking the lake when the day had vanished and the stars were hovering above him.

In all these pleasant recollections there was never a thought of disappointment or a question of whether he could have done better with those ten years. The nearest approach to this was a vague wonder if other conditions would have produced greater happiness — say in the case that his father's death had not left him with so much money. Even such speculations were apt to be put aside as being beside the point, and a trifle disagreeable.

The first signs of a new activity following the convalescence were shown by Burgess one evening at supper. During the two spring months that she had watched over Howard, Mrs. Burgess had learned to know what each symptom meant, although it was harder now, when he was almost well. She had often smiled in recognizing in his face the slight downward curves at the corners of his mouth

accompanied by the thinnest wrinkling of the forehead, unmistakable in him, where in her they were but suggested. She had never loved his father in the way she loved Howard; and now the boy had come back to her to be nursed into health. Gradually, as she watched him, she understood how he had changed. Here was a man, a cosmopolite, cultured and finished already to a point which his father had never reached. From that moment she accepted him as a friend, seeming in the long *tête-à-têtes* of the quiet summer days the younger of the two, by acknowledging his opinions as coming from one who had seen more of the world than she. Both realized the fascination of their intimacy on this new basis, a recognition of personal traits in the other, of which, till then, they had been but dimly aware, now studied objectively in definite outlines.

On this particular evening Mrs. Burgess watched Howard silently as he ate. He seemed restless, yet too preoccupied to talk consecutively. Under the benign influence of his cigar, as they sat on the porch, he told her what was on his mind. While he was driving that afternoon he had seen a girl in a brake cart turn into one of the old places on the outskirts of Germantown, the Charter Place, he had been told. Who were they, the Charters? sounded familiar. "And, O mother," he ended, "you have never seen such hair. The sun shining on bronze, with streaks of gold. Who is she? Do you know her?"

"I know her aunt, Miss Charter," she informed him, watching the suspended cigar. "The girl I often see driving around the country. It is an old New England name, of the best. Her grandfather came here with her father, then a boy of about twenty, who was the only son. The elder Charter died soon after he had built the place you saw this afternoon. Harry Charter was shy and queer; he seldom went out, but those who knew him said he was very attractive. He married Minnie Sethton, from whom the girl that you saw gets her beauty."

As she paused, Howard was quick to catch up a hint of the unfinishes in her voice. "And then?" he asked.

"Then came the tragedy. They found Charter one day lying on a railroad track with his head crushed to pieces. It was supposed

that he had been taken, while crossing the track, by one of the heart attacks to which he had been subject. His sister, Miss Charter, avoided an autopsy by using every effort. They could not keep the news from his wife, who died, two weeks later, in childbirth."

"Whew!" shivered Howard, and his mother upbraided herself as she watched his face in the semi-dark. Suddenly he faced her. "Was it suicide?"

The slightest pause gave her time to shrug before she answered, "*Quien sabe?*"

"Well?" he said again expectantly, "you have given me only the facts."

She smiled in the dark; this was so like him. Aye, the facts! These were all. But what lay behind the facts, rumors that filled the hungry ears of the spectators who had already caught a hint of uncertainty in the set face of Miss Charter; whispered signals of a family skeleton grinning horribly behind closed doors in the mansion from which it had so recently escaped; low-voiced allusions to the grandfather, who had left the vicinity of Boston, perhaps in fear of this same fleshless companion;—these she gave him, intent, absorbed. She made him feel how the past history of the family had overhung the community in a cloud which could not be pierced. New England! She caught up the word to draw from it suggestions of inherited calamity. Here was a story for Hawthorne, a tale which Jonathan Edwards would have hurled in the teeth of his Puritan brethren.

"A tale," he interrupted; "you haven't given me a single suspicion on which to form the remotest supposition of even a legend."

"That is what deepens the mystery," she smiled back at him; she was struck by his laugh, identical in tone to hers a few minutes before, when he had complained, "You have given me only facts."

"You will understand my feeling," she added, "when you see the aunt and niece together at Charter Place. We might call on them, if you feel strong enough."

"Oh, plenty; I think, though, I would rather get my first impression of the place and its owners alone. From your account this should be vivid. Send me over with an invitation to dinner."

"It must have been his grandfather," said Howard, as he rose to go to bed. This came after a longish pause, yet she was at a loss for only a perceptible second. She, too, has been thinking of the Charters, with the result that his question gave her an overwhelming sense of the harmony between them.

"Why the grandfather?" she asked him.

"The first and second generations are exempt, you know: 'The sins of the fathers shall be visited unto the third and fourth.'"

"O Howard," she remonstrated weakly, as he laughed and kissed her good night.

(To be continued)

HUMANITY

The beach was silent in the night,
Covered with mist and gray,
The sea-dunes under the moonlit night
Stretched far away.

From where the grotesque pavilion stood
There came a clapping of hands,
From where the grotesque pavilion stood
Beside the sands.

A tired, old accordion
Struck up a sudden tune,
The sound of a squeaky accordion
Under the moon.

With a gay air the player played
The song, "Sweet Annie More,"
The feet of the player beat, as he played,
The wooden floor.

And to the tawdry, pathetic tune
A murmur of voices rang,
With dancing and laughter the panting tune
Echoed and rang.

A sound of glad, old memories
The quiet music had,
Old human hopes and memories,
Half gay, half sad.

So that as singing the dancers danced
And the thin music sighed,
My heart leaped up in my breast and danced,
And my heart cried.

For the pavilion and the weak song,
Under the starlight, seemed
Like something known in a dream, and the song
Like a song dreamed.

And by the shining September sea
I heard in the squalid sound
Something more great than the night or the sea,
Reaching around,

The love that links all men together,
Divided by waves and wars,
The sorrow of all hearts beating together
Under the stars.

John Hall Wheelock.

MEMORIES BY THE SEA

The sound of the organ-grinder here by the dunes,
With the bright sea and beaches all around,
Wakes in my heart a melancholy profound,
The wheezy melodies and old, cracked tunes
Have a remembered sound.

I seem to feel the city's roar again,
The park, the benches, the electric light,
Far down the pavement, burning cold and bright,
The avenues and winding parkways, when
The trees are black with night.

The sidewalks in their empty loneliness,
And just beyond tall buildings, dark and dread,
With one star visible when you turned your head,
Your laughter and your gaudy little dress
And all the words you said.

In the full noontide, quivering and quick,
'Mid all this beauty, splendid and supreme,
How pitiful these tawdry memories seem,
Like a forgotten perfume, faint and sick,
Or faces in a dream.

Alas for dreams that wander under heaven,
Old, futile memories of the foolish years,
Full of ridiculous old hopes and fears,
So sordid and so commonplace, not even
Tragic enough for tears.

John Hall Wheelock.

THE CURE OF SAINTE JEANNE

The village of Sainte Jeanne drowsed in the stagnant heat of an August afternoon. Although the ever-busy bees—busy, it is likely, more through instinct than inclination—toiled laboriously about the wealth of summer bloom everywhere spread for their delectation, and, in the pastures, the sleek cows browsed industriously in the pleasant occupation of filling their stomachs, yet the village itself lay as silent and still in the warmth as the leaves of its tall and lordly elms. Nevertheless there was one man who was awake, alive, and moving in this sleepy hamlet, and, my reader, we shall now wend our way toward his house; that is, if you are interested in this Canada of ours and these French people—eccentric, 'tis true, but, *nom d'un chien*, as old Pierre Bage, the blacksmith, would say, "*Nous sommes tous un peu fol!*"

The curé stood in his doorway looking at the distant Marquee hills. The hills were low and rounded, and, in the thin August haze that overspread them, vaguely blue. From the worn, old doorsill which the feet of the curé pressed, a straight and narrow path of smooth, white gravel sloped to a dusty highway a few paces from the house. Masses of scarlet phlox flanked the walk, and, with their effervescent drops of brilliance, bedizened the otherwise rather unkempt garden which filled the gap between house and road and roadside footway. As for the road, but little of it was visible, for it lay in the shade of two rows of gracious elms whose fringed boughs seemed always to be stooping from their boles as if to embrace the passerby, and these elms blocked the view on either side with their densely clothed limbs. Directly before the house, however, they had lifted their hanging branches and had framed in a dusty greenness the peaceful line of the hills.

The August afternoon was truly very silent: a little brown bird hopped and twittered on the clean, gravel path; now and then, from adown the road, could be heard the deep musical note of a smitten anvil and the silvery tintinnabulation of falling iron striking iron; ever and anon a cicada set his long, shrill note apiping, as the heat of the summer sun warmed his little body to an ecstasy of enjoyment; but these intermittent sounds only served to accentuate the brooding stillness.

But we must not forget our curé. While we have been talking, he has been standing in his doorway gazing at the *jolies petites montaignes*, as the villagers fondly call their beautiful hills. He stands very still; it is a good opportunity to inspect him; let us look at him while he is thus occupied.

Truly he has a fine countenance, a noble, beautiful face! Yet here behold a certain gentleness and humility in the strong lines; a gentleness indefinably mingled with a fleeting look of nobility, which causes you to hesitate a space before you say: "A village curé, old, simple, not very wise,—no more." Here Time, the sculptor, has done a pretty piece of work with his invisible chisel! And the curé is an old man,—yes, an old man, but still strong and active, though, indeed, his slim, long hand, as it rests on the door to steady him, standing, is a little, just a little, tremulous.

The curé is clad in a coarse, ill-fitting black cassock, his feet are cased in rough boots; indeed he is not beautifully dressed, but what matters it. No one regards his clothes; one looks into his face and his kind, wise eyes. Wisdom comes only with age, and age exacts her due penalties. Therefore the curé's hair is white, and his eyes are not what they were; also he does not stand as erect as he was wont,—and he was never a large man,—but yet, notwithstanding all this, there is a distinct air of buoyant youth about him. Perhaps it is caused by the gentleness that we have noted, the gentleness which brings the tiny, trustful children to his knee whenever he walks abroad; the gentleness which brings peace to sick beds when aught else fails; the gentleness which brings the undying love of every little

beast and bird which we humans in our wisdom call dumb and inferior. . . .

But what is this? Surely this is strange! Why should the brow of the curé be deeply lined and his countenance bear such a perturbed and perplexed expression? Is not the day beautiful? Is not the outlook—the lovely, peaceful vale—a view pleasant enough to please the most critical of observers? Then what can it be that distresses our curé, for it is evident, though he gaze ever so fixedly at the friendly line of hills, that he sees them not at all; his thoughts are bent on something much less lovely. What can it be? Ah, we have it: the little rascals of the village have robbed his fine pear trees, and that only recently. But no, the curé is not a man to let the doings of such young and mischievous brats trouble him, besides, "They are not my pears," says the curé; "they are God's and, therefore, every one's." Then there is that young girl, Marie de la Planche, who lives in the great, white house further down the road and who is *so* ill. No, it will not be her illness that frets him. Marie, with good nursing,—and who, I ask, is a better nurse than Marie's plump mother?—Marie, with good nursing, will surely recover, and we must remember always, "*Vouloir de Dieu soit fait.*" Well, then, it must be that the curé's crops have not turned out well, that his flowers are blighted, that his few chickens have been woefully thinned out by that old thief, M. le Renard, or—no, no; it can be none of these. These infinitesimal things would not cause the old curé such evident anxiety and distress; it must be something deeper, greater.

Come, let us leave the old man for a moment and glance at the interior of his house. Perchance we shall find here the reason for his perturbation, the solution of the enigma.

The house is, indeed, nothing but a cot. The room in which we stand comprises the whole building,—is living-room, dining-room, study in one,—though there is a loft above, where the curé sleeps, under a silver crucifix brought from Rome and blessed by the Pope himself, as he will tell you with pardonable pride. And, in addition, there is a tiny kitchen, built as an afterthought, and joined

to the rear of the house. Yet, small and humble as is this dwelling, there seems to brood here a spirit of rest and of repose and of good comfort and holy cheer, and this spirit appears to hover here and shower blessings, as it were, spreading wings over the bare, dim chamber. "*Venez à Moi et Je vous soulagerai*," says the faded inscription on the broad fireplace, and truly this is the keynote of the room. There is little furniture: a chair or two, a few dog-eared, bethumbed books in a crazy case, a massive center table of blackened oak. The walls are bare, save for a few pegs, whereon hang garments; there is but one window, and, if you stand before the hearth and look across the room, out through the blurred glass, you will see the little chapel where Monsieur, our curé, officiates on Sundays and on holydays—just a diminutive, gray building with a cross which was once gilded essaying to shine above an infinitesimal belfry, and, underneath, in the belfry, the sweetest little bell in the world. Pierre Bage, the blacksmith, rings this bell a-Sundays, and I have the above statement direct from him. "It sounds like my anvil," he says, "and, God knows, that is a good, honest sound!"

But what is here on the great oak table? An opened letter? Yes, an opened letter, if my eyes and the dim light do not deceive me. True, the curé is still standing in the doorway; but his frail body does not intercept much of the sunshine; we can still see to read the letter. You stand aghast, perhaps. Other people's correspondence! No, it is not right to peruse other people's correspondence. You have reason, but what would you; this is an extreme case. We shall read. The letter itself is of recent date, written in a clear and bold hand on thin, brittle paper, and bears a foreign stamp; also there is a crest. It lies sprawled open on the table, as if it had but just been read and then laid aside, that its contents might be digested before a second perusal. Perchance if we peruse it we may be able afterwards to give of our advice to this kindly old man and aid him in solving the enigma which has so woefully wrinkled his gentle face:

“CHARPENTIER-SUR-SEINE.

“My CHARLES:

“You are doubtless astonished, my brother, at seeing this hand after a lapse of so many years. Circumstances compel me to write, as once they compelled me to be silent. There is news. M. le duc has at last departed this life. You must know what this means: reversal, upheaval, and, in short, your return to France. Put Canada behind you on the very first ship and come back to country, home, and — well, friends at last, I believe, brother.

“Furthermore, I prove my friendship thus. I have been able to get a dispensation — if that is what it calls itself — from the cardinal providing for your immediate occupancy of the parish here. But there is one condition: you must have a thousand francs at your disposal — hush money, or something of the sort, I suppose, though the cardinal has it that it is merely a pledge of your ability to live here as should the incumbent of such an important parish.

“Now, my Charles, in some manner, and by your own efforts, gather the money for this immediately; you know that at present, on account of the new monetary difficulties that have come upon me, I am powerless to aid you, though I am desolated at my impotence. But I suppose in rich North America this will be easy for you, if you are not already enjoying a fat living.

“I await your reply anxiously.

“CLAUDE.”

And now we have read the letter. It must be this, truly, that perplexes our good curé. And rightly, as it is no small and trivial matter, this business. For it has two aspects, two sides; it pulls one in two directions. Which is the better, Monsieur, can you tell? A life in fat France as priest in a rich cité, where one is honored and respected and favored by count and duke and baron, — because one is of the nobility, you know, and is manifestly a *gentilhomme*, — or the quiet, uneventful, monotonous round of life in a Canadian village, where the dull days resemble one another as do the dusty leaves of the village elms, where there is no nobility, no rank, no

honor; naught but the grateful love of straightforward, simple country folk and the less-evident, but still real, affection of bird and beast and flowery nature. *Quelle différence!* Which is better? And, as if in answer to our silent query, comes the voice of the curé from the door as he straightens up and drives away the wrinkles with a decisive nod. "Mais oui," says he, "but that decides itself already. I have not the money. For where could I get me a thousand francs?"

Too true, poor man, you have not the money. But then, how can a village curé be a man of wealth? He cannot. Oh, yes, he has a salary,—some few francs a year,—but times are hard, money is scarce, and money for the church scarcer still. So he lives cheerfully and uncomplainingly on—nothing at all. "Oh, but they are not to blame, *mes pauvres*," says the curé; "besides, I need not silver. Here is my garden, and here are gifts from my children, and when these fail—well, it is good to fast," says the curé.

The curé dropped his hand from the door with an air of finality and, turning, entered his house. The battle was over. He went quickly to the table and took up the open letter with the intention of replacing it in its envelope. For a moment he paused. Yes, he had renounced all, the money could not be got, would not be got; yes, it was a wrench, a veritable tug at the heartstrings, to give up so completely all the sudden allurements of a land of promise, when one had longed and longed and remembered—ah, yes, remembered—all these years. And the money might—might be raised. "But no," said the curé out loud, as he balanced the letter on his hand a moment; "my children need me. I am old; God grant that I may die in peace in this land." And he devoutly crossed himself and set about preparing his evening meal.

Now, while he was at his simple task, a strange and unfamiliar sound was borne to his ears. He heard it as he was standing before the wooden table of his kitchen, dividing a billowy, yellow lettuce head. The sound dwindled, receded, vanished, suddenly was reborn, increased mightily. Some one evidently approached on the winding

road. So the curé, to satisfy his curiosity, stepped quickly to his door, already half-divining in his mind what the unusual noise was.

Incongruity of incongruities! Up the elm-shaded avenue an automobile was approaching, a red, strident car, every line of her vibrant, filled with that mysterious sense of repressed force which is so often seen in a couchant lion, a straining yacht, a wary, immovable wrestler.

The curé watched its approach rather interestedly, for Sainte Jeanne was far from the beaten road and there was little in the country to attract such vehicles on pleasure bent. The car had two occupants, a man and a woman. The man drove, and, as he came rather slowly up the leafy avenue, he glanced keenly—now to his right, now to his left—as if in search of something. The curé standing boldly in his door, his priestly garment irradiated by the sun, caught his watchful eye. His features relaxed into a smile of satisfaction, he said something rapidly to his companion and slammed over a couple of levers noisily. The car stopped at his sudden bidding. He alighted therewith, helped the woman out, and preceded her up the path to the house and the curé.

The curé's face had changed. Gone was the mildly interested expression, gone was the gentle, kindly look; there was left only the nobility and a strange, new gravity. He did not move, but stood awaiting the coming of the two.

The man halted a few yards from the curé and took his stand, with feet well apart, in the center of the gravel walk, leaving the woman to vacillate behind him. He was not a tall man, but very broad and heavy. His short, thick neck and heavy, close-shaven jowl completed a picture of brute strength and dogged will.

He spoke bluntly. "You are the priest of this town?" he said.

The curé bent his head once in assent and closed his lips a trifle more firmly.

"I shall need your services, sir," continued the man hurriedly. "This lady and I desire to be married as quickly as possible. We have come all the way from Quebec to-day — eighty miles — and

must go on immediately. We stopped at Bonneville. The priest was ill in bed; you were the next on our route. We have come to you. I presume witnesses can be got."

"Your pardon, sir," said the curé, "but I cannot marry you."

"What!"

"I cannot marry you."

"What's the matter? Lost your breviary, or your beads, or some of your twaddle,—or, do you think I look poor? I'll make it worth your while. I'm not particular, but I'm in the devil of a hurry—"

"You are Jean Claude de Monet."

The stranger started violently. "Now, how the deuce—" he said. "Well, you have the advantage of me. What of it?"

"You should know, Monsieur," said the curé, "why I cannot marry you."

The other started to speak, but the curé proceeded calmly: "M. de Monet, you are a divorced man, and, as such, I may not marry you. The Church does not permit. You are once married."

"But, *Mon Dieu*, you, I am divorced!" cried the other, raising his voice as if to make the curé understand the better the import of his words. "I am divorced, yes. Therefore, according to the law, I can remarry."

"According to what law, Monsieur, the civil? But there is another law, before which even the civil must bow down: the law of God. Believe me, Monsieur, it is all I can say; such is my duty. You have said that you have journeyed far to-day. My fare is plain, but, such as it is, I offer it to you heartily. Madame is, perhaps, tired and hungry. I have cool milk and new bread. If Monsieur will honor me by entering—"

And, turning, the curé vanished into the house. The other swore viciously, and, after a moment's indecision, sprang across the threshold and confronted him returning. "Look here," he said, "I want neither your milk or your bread, and neither does Hélène, but I wish to be married!"

The old man, fairly bearded in his den, spoke patiently again, as one speaks to a fractious child. "Impossible," he said, "impossible. Do not ask it again, I beg of you. The law of the Holy Roman Church restrains me." And the curé seemed to grow inches as he pronounced these solemn words.

The other began to pace recklessly up and down the room. "But see here," he said, "I *must* be married. Other things—big things depend on it. You don't understand. Now, of course, I know that it is contrary to your usual—er—custom, but if some one should make it worth your while—if I should make you a little—er—friendly gift, don't you suppose you could oblige me this time?"

"M. de Monet, if you will have none of my refreshment, I can do nothing further for you."

The other ostentatiously produced a purse. He opened it, showing something brown and green. "See," he said, "a \$100 note—2,000 of your beastly francs, if that will help your mind any—it's yours for a few words. Now who is going to know in this hole in the ground what you or I do? Come, reconsider your remarks. Perhaps a—"

Now, as I have said before, the letter which the curé had received that morning was written in a very large and bold, Gothic hand. The curé had omitted to reënclose it in its envelope, so it lay, staring open, on the broad center table, near which Monet had finally come in his peregrinations up and down the room. And his glance, carelessly roving over the objects on the table, fell by chance on these words, boldly displayed on the white paper, "occupancy on condition of paying a thousand francs." His attention was riveted immediately by the coincidence of seeing almost his exact words echoed from a sheet of paper. His trained eye devoured the rest of the page in a twinkling, then he stepped deliberately to the table, turned over the sheet with a thumb, and coolly read the remainder of the letter.

He looked up at the astonished curé. "Humph," he said, "village priest, gets about twenty a year, going to take over a job that

needs a cool thousand! Your prospects don't look good to me, father. I don't like to read your letters, but where are you going to get all that cash? Not out of this town, I risk a guess, unless you have a buried treasure somewhere—" His glance took in the meager furnishings of the room ironically. "Or perhaps you are going to float a loan, eh?" And thinking he discerned signs of wavering in the curé's face, he flourished the green note again. "There it is," he said, "all yours. Let's hurry this up!"

"Sir," said the priest suddenly and gravely, breaking his long silence, "why these foolish words? Be it known unto you that, from the beginning, God made them man and wife, not to be sun-dered, indissoluble. You are divorced, you say. It is nothing to me. In my sight, and in the sight of Holy Church, you are mar-ried. It may be your wife has been unfaithful to you, injured you, wronged you; it may be you wrong her. It makes no difference to me. M. Claude de Monet, you have been a sinful man. See to it that you sin no more! I have said."

"All very well," said Monet, unmoved, "but just what is your price? What do you wish me to pay you for your oration on virtue? If 2,000 francs are nothing to you, how about 3,000? Good God, man, here are 5,000! Come, put that with what you've got and go home like a prince. Take it; I'm no millionaire."

All the fiery blood of a noble line, unsubdued by a lifetime of ecclesiastic humility, stirred the old curé to a sudden and righteous anger. He clenched his hands and sprang forward, as if to strike the tempter. "What," he cried, "would you bribe me? Out of my house, out of my house!"

For a moment there was an astonished silence. The stranger started to speak; his throat refused to articulate, his face turned purple under its bristly jowl. With a veritable roar of rage he whirled incontinently on his heel and rushed noisily from the room into the open air, overturning a chair, scattering papers in a bright whirlwind, spreading destruction. "To the car, Hélène, to the car!"

he cried. "We will go on till we reach a town where men are human and the priests of the 'Holy Roman Church' not so cursed holy!"

He vaulted into the car as the woman climbed hurriedly into the tonneau, and, slamming home his levers with unnecessary violence, shouted over the rumble and din of the moving machinery, "*Bon jour, Monsieur le curé*, you may be sure I shall remember this in your favor, *ciel*, yes!"

In another moment he was gone behind the elms in a swirl of formless dust. The sinister drone of the motor receded, dwindled, fluttered, vanished; the floating dust settled calmly into the road again; the perturbed leaves ceased their oscillations; came silence.

After this, for a space, the curé stood by his table immovable, one hand resting protectingly on the letter, a strange, rapt look in his face, his eyes wide, his lips slightly parted. At length he sighed, and, at the sound of the soft breath, his features relaxed. He moved a little uncertainly to the open door. There he took up his familiar posture, one hand resting lightly on the jamb, his eyes on the well-known landscape. There were the same distant, rounded hills, more black, more keen edged, more distinct, and shadow smitten, perhaps; there was the same gray, gravel walk, and the same flamboyant phlox; there were the same drooping old elms, perhaps growing a little grayer in the waning light, but gracious and ancient and sentinel like as of old; yet all these familiar objects seemed now to have a different semblance; they had taken to themselves an air at once hostile and offensive: the hills looked cold and distant and virginally unattainable, where formerly they had been warm and open as a willing maiden to an ardent lover; the phlox fairly thrust its hard, red glitter at the shrinking, abashed eye; the elms were indifferent, out of tune with their setting, gray-green towers of iniquity, spectered shapes with grotesque, threatening arms.

The sun was flushing. It slipped slowly down, nearing impalement on the sharp rim of the steely hills, while its inquisitive shafts inspected the immobile curé and covered him with a translucent,

scarlet glow, which played in and out of the dim chamber behind him with the multitudinous, incessant shifting and turning of the elm-tree leaves, blown by a vagrant evening air, and cast blurred, mocking shadow shapes on the bare, soft walls of the room.

The curé moved. He dropped his white head with a sudden, weary gesture and rested it against his hand on the door. A single, hot tear fell slowly from his eyelid, rolled down his cheek, trickled through his fingers.

"*Ah ma patrie,*" he said in a whisper.

Paul Mariett.

BEYOND

(From the French)

*Beyond, no lilacs bloom,
The birds sing never;
I dream of all the beings in the tomb
Forever. . . .*

*Beyond, their lips so sure
Are cold and silent ever;
I dream of all the kisses to endure
Forever. . . .*

*Beyond, they never weep
For joy in love's hot fever;
I dream of all the lovers cold in sleep
Forever. . . .*

Edward Eyre Hunt.

Editorials

It is a surprising and painful truth that, although nine years have passed since the time of the Spanish War, Harvard has in no way honored the memory of her sons who died in defense of their country at Cuba and Porto Rico. The seven **Spanish War Heroes** Harvard men who gave up their lives in this war surely deserve the love and the reverence of their alma mater. Some external symbol of this regard would stand as a reminding tribute to the successive generations that pass through these walls. As has been suggested, some memorial placed in the living-room of the Union would seem to be the most fitting form that it could take, and the MONTHLY, with the *Advocate*, heartily hopes for a rapid consummation of this scheme.

These men were true to the highest ideals of America, uttered in these words by her own prophet,

“ It is perdition to be safe,
When for the truth we ought to die.”

The organization of the Harvard Dramatic Club, which has recently been formed here, has now advanced to a state that makes **The Harvard Dramatic Club** speculation possible. The new club is well upon its feet and, apparently, prepared for a future of activity and success; it begins its career in unusually good hands and under auspicious circumstances. That there was a definite need for some such organization has long been felt at Harvard, and the present project is the outcome of long and serious thinking on the subject. At most of the other great colleges university dramatic clubs have been for some years in existence; but

Harvard takes the lead of all of them in forming a society in which the plays shall not only be acted, but also written by undergraduates. The club then resolves itself into two sections, equally important: the actors and the writers; and it is only through their coöperation that results of any sort can be obtained.

The formation of such a club is indicative of most hopeful conditions, and the MONTHLY believes that, at a university like Harvard, the undergraduate body can easily put forth and act at least one good, original play a year. If it is to the advantage of undergraduates that they should be in vital touch with the great movements of the day, then the dramatic club is certainly a most desirable symptom. At all events, it cannot fail to be an inspiration and encouragement to numerous men of ability throughout the university.

It is entirely natural and right that, in the formation of so intellectual and original a project, Harvard should again take the lead.

THOMAS A. EDISON

When I beheld you, bending over your bench,
With tiny pincers, a small rusty wrench,
And other instruments that rested by—
Bring light from darkness, life from senseless clay,
I felt the dawning of another day,
And knew the morning star was in the sky.

John S. Miller, Jr.

THE SINGERS

We who stole Promethean fire to light your little joys withal,
Now are passing in the darkness where no human voices call;
Newer singers to your bidding welcome now your garlands gay—
We, between the mirth and feasting,—we have lived our lyric day.

Songs we fashioned yestereve—
Songs of little worth:
Sung when naught there was to grieve,
Sung in hours of mirth:

Lilted through the rain and shine,
Marked to beating feet—
“Ah, but singers they were thine,
Give, and it is meet!”

Days of festival and pageant, how you sought our little dole,
To the chanting of our Latin, how you lifted up your soul!
Dimly from the tall wax tapers what a blessing seemed to rise
On the incense-laden twilight, bringing solace to your eyes.
Oh, the dreams we sang you over as the hearth you stood beside,
Dreaming through the clinging hours of some ship upon the tide,
Where the loved eyes straining shoreward, hid beneath the open hand,
Filled with tears that blurred the vision, and the glimpse of mother-
land.

To your galleys plunging homeward songs of welcome we flung out,
Song whose music rose in triumph o'er the thunder of their shout:
And the serried long procession to our lutes swept up the height,
Where the brooding towered city with its torches stayed the night.

Haunted now by eyes we saddened, feet we wearied, hearts we wrung,
Faces smiling through our visions, ages old, but ever young,
Bravely singing of your splendor, of your valor and its gain—
Now in starlight we are drifting with the pleasure of the pain.

Songs we fashioned yestereve—
Songs of little worth:
Sung when naught there was to grieve,
Sung in hours of mirth:
Lilted through the rain and shine,
Marked to beating feet—
*"Ah, but singers they were thine,
Give, and it is meet!"*

W. G. Tinckom-Fernandez.

Book Notices

LITERATURE AND THE AMERICAN COLLEGE. By Irving Babbitt.
Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. \$1.50 net.

This is a book that is certain to interest the academic world; it is a book that ought to interest the world in general. Although dealing primarily with the subject which his title indicates, Mr. Babbitt has been forced, in order properly to relate his discussion, to unfold and probe into much more universal problems. Without unbalancing its proportions, this gives the volume a wide-reaching significance.

Mr. Babbitt represents the minority in his almost romantic revolt against the prolonged and excessive romanticism of the modern world. Whether one is in sympathy with this reactionary spirit or no, one is here, at least, confronted with a sane and broad-minded statement of the point of view. The author seems, however, to retreat rather than progress in his conclusions concerning the trend which literature should take in the future; he harks back to an almost anachronistic classicism as our necessary refuge and does not seem to imagine that a newer and more advanced universality might be obtained through the development of contemporary tendencies. The new social conception, for instance, is certainly anti-romantic and individualistic in temper. In his treatment of more concrete university problems, Mr. Babbitt applies the same rigid and logical point of view.

The book gives the impression of concrete knowledge and scholarly culture.

J. H. W.

THE VOICE OF THE MACHINES: AN INTRODUCTION TO THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. By Gerald Stanley Lee. The Mount Tom Press. Northampton, Mass.

Here in America we pass by our prophets because we still cling to the old-fashioned notion that a prophet is necessarily solemn, majestic, and a bit pompous. But the modern prophet is nothing of the sort: he is the man who laughs. The most insistent moralist among present-day journalists, already referred to as a force in English ethics, pens the most amusing essays written. The dramatic merry-maker for two continents is an earnest socialist. Everywhere, the men who are cracking the best jokes are the men who have rediscovered the universe. We are nearer a *froeliche wissenschaft* than Nietzsche ever dreamed.

Mr. Lee is among the first Americans to give us some hint of this happy-hearted knowledge. He comes to interpret the machine, to preach that machines are inherently poetical and that a machine age can have a soul. There have been other apologists for machinery. Mr. Lee is the first to ask the poet and philosopher to apologize for not having acclaimed it. Being prodigiously in earnest and also a modern prophet, Mr. Lee is whimsical, fantastic, humorous, quaintly imaginative and profoundly eloquent by turns. The book is an exultant rhapsody. It is also an argument. Without once congealing into the usual essay form it advances the doctrine that machines are beautiful. "If the hill is beautiful, so is the locomotive that conquers the hill. So is the telephone that pierces a thousand sunsets with its voice. . . . Unless the word beautiful is big enough for a glorious, imperative, imperious, world-commanding beauty like this, it lags behind truth. Let it be shut within its rim of hills, with its show of sunsets, its bouquets, its doilies and songs of birds." Men are putting their profoundest creative energies into machinery. Through them they touch fingers with the infinite, they gain a new triumph and new humility. And unless literature can interpret this, "literature as a form of fine art is doomed. So long as men are more creative and godlike in

engines than they are in poems, the world listens to engines." But to those who look rightly, the machines are poetical, because they express the soul of man. They form a new basis for poetry because they are the best modern symbol of our ideas of incarnation, of liberty, of God, and of the fellowship and comradeship among men.

This is a book for the æsthete, particularly one type of college æsthete, with his enervating study of antique models, his sighing for the picturesqueness of a past age, his dallying with bygone symbols, his complaint that poetry cannot thrive in this machine-ridden age. Mr. Lee has faced all its roar and soot and clanger, only to find a new hope for poetry, and a new faith in men. Beyond the many-fired industrial pit of to-day he sees a new paradise, above the plumes of flame shooting from the foundry chimneys, a new dawn.

L. S.

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The **HARVARD** **MONTHLY~**



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THE HARVARD MONTHLY is published on the first day of each month from October to July inclusive, by undergraduates of Harvard University.

The aim of the MONTHLY is, primarily, to preserve as far as possible the best literary work that is produced in college by undergraduates; and, secondly, to furnish a field for the discussion of all questions relating to the policy and the condition of the University. In the accomplishment of these aims the MONTHLY invites the co-operation of the students and the alumni.

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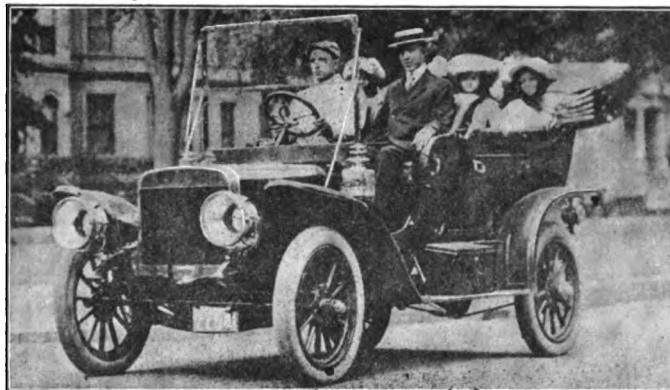
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THE
HARVARD MONTHLY

VOL. XLVI

JUNE, 1908

No. 4

*WORKING ONE'S WAY THROUGH HARVARD; AN
UNDERGRADUATE VIEW*

Here at Harvard, as elsewhere, there is much pleasant fictioning about the ease with which one may work one's way through college. Many self-supporting students, it is pointed out, are graduated annually, and the number of such students is constantly growing. Graduates, too, men who have worked their way through college, are apt to speak of their undergraduate life as a round of pleasure, or at least as a most valuable training for after life, and theorists exalt the dignity of labor and the grandeur of self-support, till it sometimes seems as if the normal, the so-called "subsidized," college education were an evil from which the fortunate laborer-student is happily immune.

But there is another side to the shield. Working one's way through Harvard is no pleasant pastime; it offers little opportunity for heroics. The plain truth is, neither Harvard nor any other college is intended for the laborer-student. Certainly no American college is intended as an employment bureau for needy young men. Harvard's ambitious and unfailingly sympathetic Appointments Office, the loan libraries and aids for poor students, are makeshifts and not parts of Harvard polity. Moreover, a Harvard education is more than sixteen satisfactorily completed courses and a residence of one year in Cambridge. And Harvard assumes, and should assume, that her sons will spend their leisure time reading, studying, meeting their fellows, going in for athletics, or profiting by some other of the manifold opportunities of university life and culture; not that they shall tend furnaces, wait tables, or run errands.

Harvard is a sort of Athenian democracy; not a George Junior republic.

In this college democracy the working-student is handicapped by his lack of funds, but even more by his lack of leisure. A man with no leisure cannot hope to join social clubs or athletic teams. The really self-supporting student, he that is absolutely dependent on his own hands and head, must make each minute count. He has no opportunity for social relaxation, and little opportunity for reflection. Like a certain West Point graduate, who, speaking of his *pleb* days, said he would gladly have resigned, *but hadn't time to write his resignation*, the working-student must be at it early and late. If he is dependent on odd jobs, no regular time can be set aside for exercise; even his studies may suffer. If he competes for a scholarship, he must do especially good work,—but also a great deal of it.

And because of this necessary absorption in the needs of the day, this inevitable withdrawal from undergraduate life, the self-supporting student is, in the eyes of his fellow undergraduates, a far from heroic figure. The college hero seldom wears old clothes and haunts book-shelves. To be sure, all depends on the man. But heroism, like genius, is not to be inferred because a man manages to support himself during four college years.

Such a man, the ordinary working-student, soon realizes the limitations placed on him through lack of time and money. If he has pride, he lives to himself. He refuses invitations which he cannot repay. If he has been schooled in the self-effacement which good-breeding united with open poverty is sure to produce, he naturally shuns those whom he most admires. If he is really an able man, he sees countless opportunities which seem his for the asking—and he does not ask. There is the ever-present burden of mere living; there is the ever-present sordid fear of scholastic failure, not because failure is dishonorable or unworthy an able man's powers, but because it may jeopardize the scholarship he must have for the following year. Money scholarships are tyrannous things.

In theory self-support is ideal; in practice it is most sordidly real. Not that the working student is a self-pitying ass. Fortunately, not a

few self-supporting students are husky, hardy, unimaginative men, often older than the average undergraduate, and come to Harvard caring only to get a degree. Such men, blessed with calloused hearts and inflexible wills, need little attention. But the men of slightly more delicate sensibilities, the men who are sons of college-bred Americans, full of the free traditions of collegiate life and culture,—such men suffer consciously as well as unconsciously, while securing their birthright. They are the "grinds" who must win scholarships merely to be at Harvard. College men righteously despise the "grind"—the man who has sacrificed his ideals to mere marks. But the "grind" often sacrifices them together with his leisure, his companionship, his health. All too frequently it happens that when a self-supporting student has marked ability, he is straightway enslaved to it. He becomes a serf to his pitiful talent. So many "A's" make a scholarship,—and he must get them the easiest way he can. And so courses which make for culture are cast aside for his "specialty": a specialty meaning the elimination of what the man most needs. Such slaves of the lamp of so-called learning are far too common. And the absurd tradition which makes "C" a "gentleman's mark" at Harvard is partly due to this condition of affairs. Illiterate scholarship always cheapens the prestige of genuine students.

Lists of scholarships and tables of minimum expenditures by laborer-students, such as those in college pamphlets, are but a small part of the truth of self-support. Impressions are fully as valuable as figures, and they are harder to get. That a student managed to exist in Cambridge during a college year on \$300 means little,—a photograph of the man might mean much! For the real cost of a cheap college education is not always decided before a man graduates. Chronic indigestion in after life makes up for economies in food; broken health makes up for economies in exercise; bookishness, if not boorishness, makes up for economies in the social side of college life. Economies, like extravagances, come home to roost.

Working one's way through Harvard, therefore, admits of little optimistic dogmatizing. Everything depends on the man. As the Secretary says, in the Harvard pamphlet on Students' Expenses,—a

pamphlet composed of letters from successful self-supporting students of the past, tabulations of average expenses, and a long list of scholarships and prizes,—“It *is* possible to work one’s way through Harvard.” If a man has an unlimited fund of cheerfulness, good health, frugal habits, and good preparation for college, he may succeed; if he is an exceptional man, he *will* succeed. But success costs.

Edward Eyre Hunt.

THE SOUND OF THE SEA

I

Always, here where I sleep, I hear the sound of the sea,
Rolling along the dunes, along the desolate places,
Filled with a memory vague of dreams and remembered faces,
Always, here where I sleep, I hear the sound of the sea.

II

So I have heard it sound for twenty summers or more,
Roaring up through the meadows, between the illuminate houses,
Up through the starry fields where the black herd sleepily browses.
So I have heard it sound for twenty summers or more.

III

Just that sound it has, always, whenever I hear it.
Sometimes it makes me happy, remembering days that were glad
And full of the breath of June; sometimes it makes me sad —
Just that sound it has, always, whenever I hear it.

IV

Under quivering stars, and stars that were clouded and scattered,
All through my moments of joy and pain, through sleeping and
dreaming,
Always that quiet murmur sorrowfully was streaming —
Under quivering stars, and stars that were clouded and scattered.

V

Out of that somber voice, swept on the wings of time,
Shall I not, bending down from the starry trellis of heaven,
Look on this empty room, these meadows, shining and even,
Out of that somber voice, swept on the wings of time!

VI

"O it is still the same, all that I loved and knew —
The sound of the sea, the dunes, the house where once I was sleeping,
The room that bounded my love, my laughter, and all my weeping —
O it is still the same, all that I loved and knew!"

VII

Beyond what glittering stars and in what ultimate regions,
Drifted along with the darkness, shall I look back and ponder
On the forgotten sound, the earth and the ancient wonder,
Beyond what glittering stars and in what ultimate regions!

John Hall Wheelock.

*THE SINS OF THE FATHERS**Part II*

As the autumn days passed into winter, shedding their brilliancy into the neutral tints of that period of the year in which the world is still with the death of one season and the birth of another, Mrs. Burgess noticed a change in Howard. Not as if one morning she had waked to find that he was different; but day by day, gradually, imperceptible in the process or in her recognition of a single definite instance, Howard seemed to be growing. A one-sided growth, too, she felt, unaccompanied by any positive discarding of the old attitudes and ways. His convalescence had rapidly reached a certain point where it left him in the lurch. He had become strong enough to dispense with the care surrounding a real invalid; but the weakness of one who was not his old self, perhaps could never be, hung around him. Those qualities of vivid perception, at which she had wondered when he was sick, did not, as she had expected, resume a normal condition, but seemed to increase day by day.

If any one had asked her to explain what she meant by a change in her son, Mrs. Burgess would have felt a little ridiculous in stating her reasons. She herself hardly knew what they were; was it his manner towards her, an increased tendency at dreaminess? She thought not, watching him carefully. Once she was moved into a feeling of real discomfort when he was looking at her; the pupil of his eye was large and impenetrable; it seemed to look through, beyond, and around her. At the same time there was suggested a steady, placid watching, an air of patient expectancy, like a sheet of water from which the reflection of the moon has been intercepted by a cloud. She shivered a little and laughed at her imagination, which he loved to tell her was morbid. His illness might easily have some such effect, she thought.

A more definite cause for speculation occupied Mrs. Burgess' mind when she was thinking of Howard, which was often. She knew that he was in love with Frances Charter. At first she had thought it was one of his whims — he had had many — when he took a fancy to what she called his "specimens," examined them always too closely, and finally discarded them. She did not want him to marry, supremely selfish in her possession of him, but not within the ordinary mother's feeling of horror at the separation. His companionship was what she liked, his attentions to her, his pleasant ways and alert brain. She wanted him as a comrade for the rest of her life, he who had never, she reflected, bored her. She had never missed him before, when he had absented himself from her year after year with as much indifference as she had shown when he was away. Now that he had grown up he afforded her an easy and intimate comradeship, which often, in selfish natures, takes the place of stronger affections or of a wider acquaintanceship.

Her feelings, then, admitted of little surprise, but of a pang of disappointment, when her son, in the first days of December, told her that he was engaged to be married to Miss Charter. After a little pause, which fell on them when she had kissed him with a word or two of affection, Howard startled her by saying:

"Do you know, mother, I have always had a feeling that Frances would give me the slip if I did become engaged to her. Well, the feeling has not diminished now."

"How absurd! Don't tell her if you want to keep her."

"I have," he confessed. "She always laughs at me in the most adorable way, and says she will jilt me if I am so horrid as to think her capable of it."

As he began to know Frances Charter, Burgess became convinced of what at first had left him uncertain. As he studied her, the importance he attached to the influence left on him by his mother's words describing the Charters vanished before the strength and clearness of his vision. He was certain now that he alone could perceive what he had called, in discussing the thing with his mother, her "background." At times it would loom gigantic behind her, pregnant with a meaning,

which, in spite of every effort, he failed to understand. Once this took the form of some calamity, some fate, hanging over her golden head, threatening, terrible. Again the thing seemed visionary, impalpable; more often he felt that she was burdened with an inheritance, a secret sin or weakness which might crop out at any moment.

Before Burgess had proposed to Frances Charter, all his doubt as to the nature of her attraction for him had vanished. He felt it would be absurd to make any attempts to resist the force of circumstances which had brought them together. Both, he reasoned, had reached an age when the head is clear without the heart being cold; passion with the eyes open, he phrased it. They had met at a time when his sensuous and mental development had become an instrument beyond ordinary possibilities, worthy of appreciating the superhuman essence which so charmed him in her. Her "background" undoubtedly was her chief attraction. Granting this candidly to himself, he at once proceeded, as I have shown, to confuse the true issues arising from his feeling to her by intangling them with a mass of half-superstitious, extremely vague references to such external assumptions as "affinity," "necessity," "fate." This process had become with him an unconscious habit, a method of laying aside or covering over any evidences of conscientious scruples which presented themselves. He hated to face equivocal motives; therefore, he had learned to disregard them. He felt, then, perfectly at ease in discussing with Miss Charter what for only a moment he had thought might depress her. Thus he was blind to the morbid curiosity of his relation to her. He had inherited from his mother a selfishness which made her treat him as he wished to treat Miss Charter. This quality, combined with the necessity of gratifying his introspective desires, made him, here at least, unscrupulous in his metaphysical prying.

To him the strangest element was her total unconsciousness of the influence which he felt so keenly. He had spoken of this to her, half-seriously, merely saying there was something about her, acting as an exterior influence, perceived alone by him. Did she ever have any sense of duality. Her wide eyes, followed by a peal of merriment, made him regret having suggested anything. Seeing that he was

serious, she became interested. From then on the subject was frequently discussed by them. This uncanny, lurking thing, they referred to without naming. Gradually he fascinated her into his attitude, forgetting everything but his insatiable curiosity. She always, when they were alone — they kept it as a sacred thing to themselves — asked how it was that day; whereupon he would say, "It is near you to-day," or "It is less strong than usual." Once she had said that she, too, was dimly aware of something; but Burgess speculated and was silent.

On a certain morning in January, Howard Burgess came down to breakfast later than usual. The evening before he had spent at the Charters, and, on his return home, was immediately wrung up on the telephone by Frances. She was dreadfully worried about him. Something, she didn't know what, made her think he was going to be sick, or have an accident. It must be a premonition; was he feeling perfectly well? "Thank heaven!" she had exclaimed when he reassured her.

The message seemed so extraordinary that Howard lay awake till late wondering over it. He came down to breakfast a little tired.

In his pile of letters was one in her handwriting. Tearing open the envelope he read her message — there was but a single line: "It has come. I cannot marry you."

The paper fluttered to the table as he sat rigid. At that moment the servant entered with a telegram. Twice he read the words, unable to grasp their meaning. A single word caught his eye — a name — it was *Frances*. Instantly the sense came in broken flashes of pain. She had had an accident — was badly hurt — perhaps dying. He must come at once to the hospital.

As Burgess drove to his destination in a sleigh — the snow was thick and sparkling, on a glorious winter morning, the air acute, tart, charged with life, — his mind pulsated in the intensity of its suffering to the sentence of her letter, "It has come." The sleigh bells jingled it out to him, mocking his pain in their merry peals, the horses stamped it into his very essence. It had come! Through the confused reasoning of his mind darted his old feelings, his perceptions, his recognitions of that which now had come. In the huddling rush of reminiscences put into play his critical faculties sought for a steady influence, as

a drowning man snatches at some piece of wreckage; he attached himself to a phrase, which he had used before in joking to his mother—the memory of this was added torture—"the sins of the fathers." The sins? What were they, why should she pay for them? He shivered, at the same time jerking at his collar as if it cut off the fresh air; and suddenly her face rose before him, ashen, but intense, surrounded by countless other faces, all like her own, stamped with the look of her blood, and on her lips quivered, "It has come!"

He found her lying in a private room—the doctors had tried to tell him of the accident—her eyes watching for him. She had been struck by a train at a dangerous crossing, carried to where she now was, horribly mangled. As he knelt by her the pain in her eyes made him groan; he had known such suffering. Then the pupils changed, grew dim and immaterial. The face was the face he had seen when he was coming to her, the eyes were the same. He felt again around him the other faces, but now her lips alone were closed, while the other lips, some white, some bloody, chattered and mocked at him. Furious, he cursed them; he would know what they knew! With a sudden impulse he leaned close to the white face, whispering as he did so.

"Was it an accident?"

Consciousness had left the eyes, the face was fixed and waxen. Bending closer he kissed the lips; they were icy. Still he didn't know she was dead and murmured again: "Was it an accident?"

Then, when knowledge dawned on him, he sank to his knees, his arms stretched across the bed, alone in his sorrow and his sin, for the faces had left him.

Francis Biddle.

IN THE CITY

Within the modern world, deformed and vast,
Lurks everlasting, though all men deny,
The awful Force that in the ages passed
Walked on the waves and cried on Calvary.

I feel it in the crowded city street,
'Mid iron walls and wheels and clanging cars;
I feel it in my pulses as they beat —
The Monstrous Secret that propels the stars.

John Hall Wheelock.

SUNRISE

The silence of night is stirred from the sky,
And, blinking, the stars pale away, one by one;
Life turns in its bed with a wakening sigh —
Earth raises her head; is the weary night done?
Arise! For the day comes faster, more fast,
Like a song bursting silence, a smile in the eye —
A whisper! And lo, the darkness has passed;
A finger of light feels into the sky.

C. P. Aiken.

SOME ENGLISH OUTSKIRTS

In a city one thinks of nothing but the city. A smaller town, however, in its half-rural aspect and its proximity to the fields and the lanes of the country, loses some of its intrinsic attraction. A street of lamp posts and brick walls is apt to make one forget all else; and if ever the desire comes to us to visit the green fields and sunny roads which memory recalls, the longing is soon dissipated by its very futility. In a village, on the contrary, a row of trees, a street of yellow dust, or perhaps a stone cottage with its thatched roof and whitewashed walls, is sufficient to remind us how close we are to the heart of nature, and with what little effort it may be reached.

Therefore people who live in villages have no need to visit the country; they dwell in it. A rural excursion is to them a step out of the back door, not a laborious excursion in trains or coaches.

Such were my reflections as I stood in the village square at Ely, gazing at the great cathedral, the park, and the venerable cottages in the background. Before such a scene I could form no conception of a city. I could trace the odor of the adjacent haystacks and could hear sometimes the bleat of sheep and sometimes the tinkle of a cow bell, but the smoke and din, and all the oppression which is life to some city dwellers and the bane of the rest of the world, here neither troubled my eyes nor vexed my soul.

I do not know how long I might have remained in that pleasing spot had not an accommodating avenue, which stretched from where I was standing until it lost itself in a clump of trees some distance ahead, enticed me to turn my steps that way, and endeavor to scan the scene of its termination. It is an assured fact that one step leads to another; and leisurely curiosity is a potent decoy in a tran-

quil neighborhood. I had soon passed from under the shadow of the looming minster and was trudging beneath the very trees whose remoteness had at first given them such mystery.

I found myself in a kind of public park. Elms of a towering height shut in one side as with a wall. A path, almost entirely in shade, ran at their base; and this in turn was bordered on its other edge by a row of poplars. In the shade of the foliage a number of benches were placed, apparently for the peculiar comfort of the healthy-looking nursery maids of the neighborhood, who, as I passed, were solacing themselves with the fresh air and gossiping with a leisurely nonchalance, while their charges played about the wicket gate nearby if they were old enough, or dozed contentedly in their coaches if they were not. Across the green stood one of those venerable stone churches, whose steeples are always new, but whose graveyards are usually old enough to be picturesque. An Elizabethan cottage, with its white plastered walls and its bare oak joists, now blackened with age, completed a scene which I had scarcely viewed before I found myself in the open country.

I was upon a meandering road, along one side of which ran a hedge row, while a wheat field stretched away from the other, gleaming in a kind of silvery yellow beneath the bright sun. The road itself was covered with a fine dust, as though some goldsmith had sprinkled his costly powder upon it, while a number of hayricks on a neighboring hill stood in bold relief against the blue sky, reminding one somewhat of the lily banner of France.

An odd-looking building some distance ahead attracted my attention. I perceived that its windows had no glass, and the golden wheat stalks which trailed over the sills, and which rested some on the jagged edges of the stones, some on the carved cornices, showed that the snug retreat was occupied by animals of a lower status than ourselves. At a nearer approach I was startled by the peculiar aspect of the building, for its walls, of a remarkable thickness, had the antique form and reverend aspect which we are accustomed to observe in the monasteries of the past. It proved to be an ancient chapel turned into a barn.

Its peaked front had probably at one time been surmounted by a bell, but the bell tower was now fallen to pieces, and chimes no longer summoned monks to vespers. The carved gothic casements of the windows were worn with age and covered with moss, and some indeed had in past years fallen to the ground, revealing the grimy surfaces of the stones beneath. A few bits of crudely chiseled masonry still hung mournfully on the prominent parts of the walls, and I was surprised to see a cherub's head glancing plaintively at me from above the doorway, although all signs of the door itself had long since disappeared.

There is much food for reflection in a sight like this, and one is tempted to ponder on the vicissitudes of things. This time, however, I was quickly enticed away from the strange edifice by the sight of a windmill which crowned a neighboring knoll, and which was frantically waving its broad arms, as though greeting the wind which came, and beckoning more to follow. As such an edifice as this is not any too common to an American, and as it brings to mind a time which one likes to think about, I approached nearer to examine it. It was a huge affair,—larger than the diminishing glass of distance had made it appear to be. The farmhouse which nestled at its feet was completely dwarfed in comparison, and it boldly surveyed the country roundabout like some watch tower or castle of refuge. But I would not have liked to have stood in the sweep of its wings.

As I stood I observed some gray battlements rising above the trees in the distance, and I asked a little girl who came out of the mill whom the castelated mansion yonder belonged to. "Indeed I do not know," she answered, "but I wish it was *me*." But she was wrong. Those were the words to come from a city dweller, not from a maid who lived in a mill.

It was now time for me to return. The road looked tempting as it swelled over knolls or sunk in the recesses between the hills. It seemed to go on for ever. But in spite of the fascination of that point where road and sky meet, and in the teeth of the conviction

that what is ahead is better than that passed, I turned about, and with contemplative pipe retraced my steps to Ely in the distance.

Melrose is a small village with a queer ancient cross in the center. Its chief attraction, of course, lies in its abbey, for of the Melrose that Scott knew little remains, recent needs and modern choice having caused the erection of neat dwellings along the old and the various new streets. One sees, however, little of the baldness which would strike him in one of our newer towns, for in Scotland the freshness is of a pleasing kind, and as characteristically cozy and as characteristically primitive looking as anything English. These shady roadways, with their neat dwellings, fronted with well-trimmed grass plots and gardens, remind one of the retired lanes of Bowness or Windemere.

What conception the Scotch people have of themselves, as they trudge down their native lanes; whether they realize what a picturesqueness and actuality of foreign aspect they give to the scene, I cannot determine. For all that, they are a potent factor in the true appreciation of Scottish scenery.

During my walk I met with sufficient queer sheep drivers, energetic old maids, and other curious characters to people a tragedy or a roaring comedy.

Every one has visited Stratford. The visitor's book in Shakespeare's birthplace would put the county birth register quite in the shade; and this is due to no natural cause, but merely to the curiosity which a man excites whose works one knows of, but has never read.

Stratford village is picturesque enough; the "Red Horse Inn" has many memories; the church which contains Shakespeare's dust has become famous, and the whole place teems with the memories of the great dead who have visited there and written about it. In spite of all this, it has a dreary look on a rainy day. Just why the sun refused to come out during the few hours which I spent there, I have no means of determining. Perhaps it regarded the venerable

town in much the same light that we do a great man, who commands our respect as much in his sober English tweed as in the elegancies of the dinner coat.

The streets, with their half-timbered relics of Shakespeare's day, their plain brick dwellings, and their tiny, old-fashioned shops, interlace peculiarly at Stratford. I found some difficulty in getting away from Henley Street. For some time I peregrinated between that memoried avenue and Trinity Church in the kind of retrograde movement that a man finds inspirating when lost in the woods. At length, however, I tore out of the place, as it were, by the back door. I viewed the last house of the village with a feeling something like that of revenge, crossed a tranquil railroad track, and found myself before a prospect somewhat similar to those which the "Golden Age" of Kenneth Graham has made familiar. Even as I saw it, with a light, continual drizzle wetting all the landscape, its claim as a part of "Merry England" was everywhere apparent. As I progressed, however, the scene grew less grandly poetic. For I was following a narrow, winding path which formed a kind of back alley to the humble but picturesque truck farms which ornamented the intervalle of space between Stratford and Shottery. The path was oozy in the rain, and gloomy puddles gave it a sinister aspect here and there; but these impediments were amply made up for by the rows of glistening bean stalks which bordered both sides, and which gave the passage the appearance of an artificial arbor. It was a pleasant walk between this hedge of green leaves which dripped softly under the falling rain, and which added mystery to charm by partially shutting off the view on the side and in its turnings, ahead.

On one side of the walk, as I mentioned, stretched vegetable gardens, separated by well-trimmed hedge rows, and looking as fresh and green as English sod and English rain may make them. Upon my left were more gardens, and further away I caught glimpses of waving trees and the sight of a rural road, beyond which the country rolled in misty, green swellings; for everything was decidedly damp, without detracting much from the general beauty.

I must have appeared as a very belated traveler when I entered Shottery. In reality I was no such thing. The distance I had walked was not great; the fumes of my pipe continually mingled with the steams from my wet garments; and if I looked uncomfortable, it was a fallacy in the eyes of the beholder, for, when the question of weather is concerned, there is no one more thoroughly Scotch than the true American traveler.

Shottery was smiling through her tears. The drip and the percolating trinkle from the roofs beat time to the splashings in the mud and the gurglings in the water pipes. The few trees gave a kind of heavy luster to the scene, which was heightened by the rich vines which clung to many of the houses, and the flowers decorating their base. I might have wished for the sun, but imagination gives quite as clear a light. I saw Ann Hathaway's cottage in the aspect in which Shakespeare probably knew it best. As I retraced my steps towards Stratford, the clouds began to break, and a soft glow of sunshine overtook me, like a messenger requiring my return.

The casual tourist who passes through Liverpool sees something of the interest but misses many of the beauties of the place. To come away with a complete appreciation of Liverpool, one should take the "tramway" to Crosby and Seaford. This should be done on the traveler's first visit; for to him who first steps on English soil from the Liverpool docks this peep into an English outskirt is like the explorer's first glimpse of his Eldorado. From his seat on the top of the tram one views the streets to the utmost advantage, and may look down into gardens and orchards which inhospitable walls would otherwise hide from view. These retired dwellings, with their neat, their walls, gardens, and aged shade trees, and the curio stores, the thatched cottages, and the queer vehicles on the street through which the traveler passes, give him a pleasing foretaste of what is in store for him in England. The essence of English home life is here, though not indeed in its highest phase or of its greatest antiquity. Crosby just suits the part which it in some measure plays; as an introduction to some-

thing further, it performs its duty with little flourish, and with the happiest results. There is just enough proportion of white-washed cottages and fresh gardens to give one an appetite for more, and the quiet and unobtrusive air of the whole place is a satisfying enough sponsor for English tranquility.

As we return through Seaford, we pass the country seats of many Liverpool merchants,—sufficiently unpretentious affairs, but proportionally comfortable looking. Over the gardens between them we catch glimpses of the blue Mersey, with its puffing steamboats, grim ocean liners, and its fishing boats with their particolored and tattered sails. There is ever movement on the water, although there may be little on the land. As we enter Liverpool, however, we pass the great docks, and shortly after we are looking down from the "overhead" rails upon the rattling drays, the clanging street cars, and the bustling pedestrians of one of the busiest water fronts in the world. Before such a scene the diffident attractions of Crosby and Seaford bring to the mind a needful repose, and we appreciate for the first time the contrasts which make England so pleasing a residence country and so busy a nation.

Canterbury is a town of inns. It is striking that a place whose chief glory lies in one of the most splendid of English cathedrals should be so obtrusively officious in its offers of convivial hospitality. For all that, the inns add much to the picturesqueness of Canterbury and include among their number some of the most interesting specimens of the genus extant. This fact impressed itself upon me as I walked down the venerable high street to the city gate.

Once past the Norman archway, I came upon a prospect of the open country in the distance; but even here Falstaff was too much for me. Another sign board, depicting Shakespeare's popular hero industriously countenancing a bacchanal bout, headed the vista of a well-paved street, whereon other sign boards, at alternate distances, allured the eye of the unwary intruder.

This, however, did not check my curiosity, but augmented it; for old inns ever had a curious fascination for me, even though my

inquiries seldom took a substantial turn. I examined the quaint places — from the outside — and continued down the avenue for something less than a mile, when an alluring roadway at my left induced me to turn my investigations in that direction. Here, however, as I progressed, the same odd circumstance presented itself to my mind that I noticed before on my walk at Stratford,— I was leaving again by the back door! But my way now was not a rambling foot but a wide road way, built of stone and gravel well packed, and, on this dry day, shining with a pleasing whiteness. A rich pasture land stretched along one side, while on the other a number of farm laborers were at work, swaying their scythes in regular rotation, while the tall wheat stalks fell as if by magic under their strokes. The men gazed at me as I passed, though without slackening in their work; and a dog, which came to bark at me, had more real animation than they.

From where I stood, I could look over the heads of the men and see, far beyond the limits of the fields, the tiled roofs of Canterbury and the soaring white spires of the cathedral. I seemed a long way from where I started, but one never notices distance when one is walking in England.

There was a church nearby whose white walls, smooth lawns, and trim hedges fitted in most pleasantly with the rural scene about. It was a cozy-looking, yet spruce, little edifice and seemed particularly refreshing after the mouldy antiquity of the historic churches in the town. I lingered by it a moment, comparing its peace with the seeming tranquility which reigned over the city. Here I knew the quietness was real; but there I knew there was none. On Sundays, without doubt, there is a bustle within these serene precincts; but through the week it sleeps in the rural stillness which constitutes so much of its charm.

Not to visit the environs of Chester in a rambling discourse of this kind would be like making a coat without buttons; we might manage to get along without either, but we would feel nervous about

it. For the banks of the Dee outside of Chester are among the most beautiful in England. Disembarking from the ocean liner at Liverpool, as I did, and visiting the boathouses by the Dee before the fascination of Henley had yet become a reality, I found on these low banks another glimpse into something characteristically English. I was electrified with pleasure, and wondered how it was that, in my reading, I had never pictured scenes so perfect as these.

Our friends in Chester perform the prettiest pantomimes while we wait. As I stood there, young men in flannel suits were depositing in flat-bottomed boats the tea kettles and cups which girls in light-colored dresses and picturesque straw hats were afterwards to manipulate beneath the shade of their parasols. Apprentices and young clerks — pretentiously gentlemanly, to us Americans, in their high collars, peaked caps, and easy flourishing of cane — paraded before the boathouses in search of their craft; and children, whose business it seemed was to regale our ears with their sharp English accents, contributed further animation to the scene. Great trees swayed above the boat landings, and through their tops the ancient priory looks down. Such is Chester near the city walls. Half an hour of rowing, however, carries us out of sight of the town, and we glide between wheat fields on one side and level pastures on the other. A narrow tow path follows the bank, serving as a sparsely peopled promenade, while more fishermen therefrom eye their imperturbable corks than we would care to count. A gray steeple rises above some trees in the distance, and the melody of the chimes is wafted to us in the still air in as soothing an intonation as the song of birds. We pass forests which hang over the water's edge, and opposite the place where the inn of Eccleston Ferry nestles sprucely in the sunlight, terraced gardens and a rich green sward set off the palace of the Duke of Westminster. We cannot determine where to rest our gaze. The cool woods, the meadows, the picturesque inn, the interesting parties in the boats which pass, and before us the charm of a great ducal seat, leave a choice quite as problematical as Hobson's.

E. Wentworth Huckel.

AN ALASKAN ELEPHANT

The Doctor paused before sweeping in the poker chips and glanced over toward the steps, where a wizened German sat half asleep, his thin white hair gleaming in the warm July sun like silken threads.

"Louie," he blustered, "if you don't get that Elephant of yours out of here, I'll, I'll — well, there'll be trouble enough."

Louie awoke with a gasp, smiling as usual; and, urged on by a chorus of complaints, slowly stumbled to his feet. For the Elephant, in truth, was a common affliction; we all liked happy-go-lucky Louie well enough, Louie with his shrewd humor and his confident smile displaying a wonderful array of broken gold teeth — but the Elephant! he was beyond human toleration!

"Vell," drawled Louie, yawning like a sleepy child, "Ven you haf no love for meine Elphie, I take 'im nach Hause. I see you mit dem furs to-morrow, Meester Ogen. Kom' meine Liebe, kom' ve go und eat some — "

"Go easy," shrieked the Doctor, "go easy — stop him — hold him — "

The table seemed fairly alive; it trembled doubtfully a second or two and then suddenly shot into the air; and out of the maelstrom of flying chips, cards, table, chairs, and infuriated men, placidly emerged the Elephant.

Before we had struggled to our feet, the two were beyond immediate danger, with Louie's "Vell, Doktor, did you haf enouf of troebel?" ringing in our ears. Ogen angrily started after him; but Lim McLone reached out his crane-arm and gently pulled him back.

"No use," sighed Lim, "can't do anything to the Elephant without licking the Dutchman — and of course we couldn't do that. But just wait and watch, though, there'll be something doing."

And, indeed, as they strolled down the narrow road between the two rows of dirt-brown log-cabins that composed our homely little town,

they made a pair well worth the watching. Louie was scarcely more than a dwarf in height; his faded yellow shirt accentuated the weary droop of his broad shoulders and the length of his arms that hung down to the middle of his legs — a most remarkable pair of bow-legs that convinced one at first sight that Louie had been born in the saddle. And the Elephant! — a great lumbering elephant of a black and white mongrel, with a head so bulky that it seemed a constant struggle for him to keep it clear of the ground — that was the affliction of Chat-iniqua City.

It was not long before we were rewarded with Lim's promised revenge. For some inexplicable reason — he always did things for inexplicable reasons — the Elephant decided to change his position from the rear to the van, and with an astounding instinct for economy of effort, chose the shortest distance between the two points — between Louie's bow-legs. A glimpse of an enraged, helpless Dutchman struggling through the air, a few ineffective German oaths, and we saw his brief flight end in a pile of loose dirt into which he plunged head-first. Gleefully we watched him pick himself up and begin kicking the dog; the more he kicked, the lower the Elephant hung his gloomy head, and the louder we roared. It was, in fact, our time to laugh, an opportunity of which we took the fullest advantage; and deep was our regret when we saw him give up with one last passionate kick, and disappear down the road in a swirl of dust, an unusually wistful droop about his shoulders, with the Elephant, as usual, trailing along behind.

"That," remarked the Doctor, after the game was on again — on the table, "that is the worst trouble about the Elephant. A fellow never gets any satisfaction in kicking that dog; I'd just as soon kick a telegraph post. Never saw anything like him for getting into trouble. I believe every woman in the town would be glad to contribute towards his funeral; he's always making explorations through their flowerbeds."

"If it weren't for him this place would be paradise," lamented Lim. "Such is life in a dog-ridden town! But tell me, Doctor, where in the eternal scorches did that Dutchman and his 'Elphie' come from?"

The Doctor neatly dealt the cards, with his eyes lingering on the distant hills, dim against the bright horizon. "Louie's a famous old man," he suddenly chuckled. "A couple of years ago, up in Dawson, some one got him drunk and sold him a good-for-nothing claim for twenty-five dollars, and, sure enough, a day or two later we heard that some fellows had struck it rich right next to that claim. Louie got a hundred thousand dollars out of it, and all he's got left is those gold teeth of his. I'll bet he's borrowed a couple of thousand on those; whenever he wants a loan he offers the gold in his teeth for security. He owes me a hundred and fifty on them, the old codger — but he's got a fine lot of furs up to his cabin, had a hard time getting them, and I'll get my money — "

"What's the Elephant got to do with that?" skillfully interrupted Ogen.

"Don't get excited," snapped back the Doctor; "that's exactly the way he got the Elephant. He moved out here last fall and started out to celebrate his arrival over to Billy's saloon. Early in the evening a stranger drifted in with the Elephant. Billy of course objected to letting in the dog; he had a little argument about it with the Elephant — and the Elephant came in." We nodded sympathetically; all of us were veterans of similar disputes with the Elephant. "When the stranger started to go home, the Elephant displayed a persistent affection for Louie; he refused to budge from Louie's feet, where he had lain all evening. Quick as a shot, the stranger offered to sell him to Louie for twenty-five, and as Louie didn't know the difference between the Elephant and a beer-keg, he made it a bargain. We all thought it too good a joke to interfere." The Doctor sorrowfully stretched out his hand. "God, I'd give up drinking for a year to have that stranger right here!"

"In the name of the seven rainbow snakes, why don't Louie sell him?" questioned Lim.

"I'll bet Louie would give one of those barrel-stave legs of his to get rid of the Elephant." The Doctor sighed and swept in another pot. "He's tried to sell him every chance he had. Last time was when

Harry McKay wanted a nice, gentle dog for his wife to use for sleighing. He didn't know much about the Elephant, so he offered Louie fifty for him. Louie almost fell over himself taking the dog out to Harry's cabin. About four o'clock that afternoon, we were all over to Billy's as usual, a great rumpus arose outside; the doors were broken open; and in meandered the Elephant, bringing sled and all after him, upsetting half the tables and chairs — down-hearted as ever. Harry came in after a while, covered with snow; he swore that he had been dragged through fifty snow-banks, and finally got left in one; never saw a sorier man in all my life. He wanted to shoot Louie; but we finally cooled him off and Louie had to buy back the Elephant. He couldn't force a man to take him, even for a gold-mine; Louie's too good-hearted to kill him; — and the Elephant has adopted Louie. Leads him a dog's life, too, eats all his grub, and upsets him about fifty times a day. Ought to see them coming up the street on a snowy day. It's worth — ”

Lim glanced at his watch. “Midnight,” he exclaimed. “Time for the ball-game — and there go the fellows with the beer — hurry up!”

We needed no second invitation to follow him down the valley toward the ball-field, — a sloping stretch of green, hemmed in by the high hills that towered brightly through the light of the midnight sun. It was, beyond doubt, an exciting occasion — eighteen care-free miners were presenting an extraordinary variation of baseball, while the spectators gleefully contributed their advice and disgust. But the game was only a passing incident; it was the booty that interested us all. There it stood on a little ledge that jutted out into the icy brook, a hundred or more sparkling bottles of divers sizes, so skillfully arranged as to be kept at the coolest of temperatures, and yet to be in full sight of us all. And to the victors belong the spoils!

But fickle Fortune, disguised as the Elephant, ordained otherwise. In the midst of the game some one called our attention to him as he lazily lapped in the brook, in dangerous proximity to the bottles. Our frenzied efforts to rescue the spoils only spelt destruction. Catching sight of us as we charged across the intervening space, he grew terri-

fied, started to jump across the brook, stopped half way, and came down full on top of the bottles. A tinkle of broken glass over the rocks, a few feeble yelps, and we reached the scene just in time to watch the deep-hued liquor disappear in the swirl of the water.

That was beyond endurance of even the most advanced of communities! Lim at once proposed lynching; whereupon, Louie, his eyes wide in rage and his arms swinging like a wind-mill, charged upon him. After we had pulled them apart, both sputtering but unharmed, it became perfectly evident that we could not lynch the Elephant without including Louie — and, as usual, a compromise was effected. A committee composed of the town's first citizens was appointed to accompany Louie and his Elephant home and to tie the latter securely within Louie's cabin — and, incidentally, to bring back new supplies.

And so the little group departed, Louie still expostulating and the Elephant dejectedly lumbering along behind. The game was started again and dragged on, inning after inning, while the sun swung higher and higher, dispelling the mists at the end of the valley that had concealed the line of white mountains far to the south and turning the hills into a rolling sea of color.

Suddenly a shrill scream of a woman from the town. A wavering ribbon of fire struggled up from the midst of the cabins, then another and another, leaping up like a sea of muddy spray. Sharp detonations thundered forth, followed by bursts of smoke that told where cabins had been blown into the air in hopes of stopping the sweep of the fire.

When we reached the town, we found, to our relief, that the fire had been curbed, and that only a small part of the cabins was in flame, a seething lake of fire with sudden bursts of brilliance where a roof tumbled in. And with the spring half a mile away, there was nothing to do but watch the cabins wreath away into the smoke.

Out of the flames, of a sudden, there burst the apparition of a great dog and a little man hanging desperately to his tail, both smoking from the fire, both raising a great commotion.

"If it ain't the Dutchman," cried Lim; "poor beggar, we forgot all about him. I hope he's saved those furs of his — God, but he has worked for them."

As they drew closer, we could make out Louie's voice above the roar of the fire. "I haf safed 'im, I haf safed 'im," he was shouting, despite the fact that from all appearances the Elephant had saved Louie. And they undoubtedly looked as if they had been saving something,—Louie's white hair was black with smoke, his clothes half-burnt, while the Elephant was singed to an unusually dirty brown.

"I haf safed 'im! I haf safed 'im!" gasped Louie. "Those ver-dammte fools tied meine Elphie in mit ein rope, und I vent in mit ein vindow und ein axe, und I safed meine Elphie,"—his voice broke with a sudden weariness that brought tears even to Ogen's eyes, and burying his scorched face in the frizzled neck of the ever-patient "Elphie," he moaned, "I haf safed 'im—und mein Gott—dat vas all I safed."

S. Spring.

THE PARTING OF LANCELOT AND GUINEVERE

. . . They fetched Sir Lancelot.

And she,

The crownless queen, the widowed Guinevere,
Gazed on him silently with tearless eyes,
And he stood silent, gazing. Then she spoke,
As one who murmurs an old ballad tune:
"Through him and me hath all this war been wrought;
Through him and me the noblest knights of all
The world are slain; through our ignoble love
My noble lord is slain. And we are left,
We only, to make expiation. Therefore,
Sir Knight, by all the love that once we loved,
I pray thee, go, and never sec my face
Again, till God shall set us face to face
In Paradise. For since I love thee well
My heart will not endure that I should see
Thee henceforth. For through this, thy love and mine,
The flower of kings is dead;—all, all are dead,
Save thou and I."

And Lancelot, he that had loved the queen,
Answered, "*Aye, it is well; and I will go.*"
And like an echo Guinevere repeated,
"*Go!*" and sank down fainting at his feet.

He stirred not till the nuns had lifted her
From the cool cloister pave. He stood as stone
Till her dark lashes lifted and her eyes,
Swimming with tears, gazed at him piteously.
Then Lancelot, the boldest of the knights
Whose blades begirt the king in the old days,
He whom the king had loved in brother-wise,
Bowed like a wind-blown reed, and groaned aloud.
*"Ah, life is bitter, bitter! I had come
To bear thee forth with me to Joyous Gard,
To live again the old, the happy days,
To dream again the old, the happy dreams,
To watch with thee the seasons wax and wane
Round our gray battlements and windy towers,
Joying at each new day; to stand with thee
Under the darkened sky and feel the sea
Break shuddering at our feet, to hear with thee
The tempests roar and writhe and rend and die!"*
— Die? Ah, I dreamed! Forgive me. I will go
Hence to some hermit's dark and secret cell
Where I shall pray till death discover me.
And pray thou for me, even as thou hast grace."

She answered not.

Softly he spake again,
"*Love, kiss me now — and then I go — forever.*"
And Guinevere, weeping, made answer, "Nay,
But go — and kiss me not!"

And so he went
Weeping.

And all that saw their parting wept.

Edward Eyre Hunt.

THE ANESTHETIC

"There it is, gentlemen, on the table over there; that yellow powder." The white-clad group of surgeons, who had been listening to the speaker's words, moved slowly across the room to an enameled iron stand on which a yellow box, without a cover, was lying. "Foxy" Phelps, a fat little man, with fat little hands, and the most benevolent face imaginable (no one would have thought him the best brain surgeon in America), picked it up in his chubby fingers, and sniffed carefully of its contents.

"Smells like some benzoin compound," said he. "Doesn't it to you, Doctor?" He handed the box to the man next to him, Theodore Maclane, familiarly known as "Dory" Maclane, the abdominal surgeon, a huge six-foot man with an enormous girth.

"Yes it does, somewhat," answered he; "though I understand that Von Neuberg says that it is merely a compound of chloride of anarsarcin and sulphuretted amonol."

He stood for a moment looking doubtfully at the yellow powder in his hand, then he passed it on to the next man, Howard by name, also a surgeon of great eminence. Howard too sniffed carefully at it and embedded his finger in the box. This through, he in his turn gave it to the next doctor, a young, smooth-shaven fellow, who did not examine it at all, but slipped it into the hands of an older man who stood alone, his back against the wall, listening to the comments of his brother practitioners.

In all the long and glorious history of St. Margaret's Hospital, there had probably never been within its gates such a distinguished group of surgeons as had gathered that morning in the operator's room, off the surgical chamber: Phelps, the brain man; Maclane, the best of abdominal surgeons; Howard, the obstetrician and gynecologist, and finally Fairfax Cunningham, the first speaker, acknowledged head of the surgeons of America. No one had ever been so confident, when

there was only a pin-point between life and death, as this tall gray-haired man of forty; he had performed operations whose very daring had made the assistants themselves white with fear. But these he did merely from a desire to advance his profession. Not only had he striven himself, but he had so imbued the eldest of his two sons, Hal Cunningham, with the same bold ideas, that it was remarked among many that the son would be more daring than the father. He was a handsome fellow this Hal Cunningham, with his pleasant face and young gray eyes, and the strong chest and back that he had gained at college while on the 'Varsity crew. With all the admiration that the world has ever given to the great, tempered by an intense filial devotion, did this son love his father.

The older Cunningham faced the group again.

"'Akamnia,' Von Neuberg calls it, 'anti-pain,' or something of that kind, I have his letter here," he fumbled in his pocket for a minute or two, then drew out a gray envelope. "Here it is. I'll read it if you care to listen."

"Why certainly, Doctor, let's hear what Von Neuberg has to say," answered "Dory" Maclane.

Cunningham unfolded the letter, and read slowly:

"VIENNA, Oct. 3, 1906.

"Dear Cunningham:—I am sending you some of the anesthetic you asked for. 'Akamnia,' I call it. It is having a great success here in the hospitals, where it has been tried over forty times, with never an ill after-effect. Akamnia is administered hypodermically; I enclose enough for two such doses. The patient passes under its influence very quickly, without the usual sickness and gagging. One-half a gram will keep a full-grown man in an anesthetic state for about half an hour. It is absolutely harmless. If you want to see it work at its best, try it on some gynecological case. Wishing you the best success with 'Akamnia,' I remain

"Yours,

"VON NEUBERG.

"Hospital of St. Leo, Ringstrasse, Vienna."

"By the way, Doctor, I believe the last case on the list to-day is a gynecological one," said "Foxy" Phelps, "and it is now time for her to show up. I'll see whether she has been put under ether yet. Oh, I forgot, that's your case, Dr. Howard."

"Ay, yes," answered Howard. "It's an abdominal infection, following abortion. She must be on the way up now. Oh, Miss Norton, Miss Norton," he called.

The head nurse, a stout freckled person, with a frowzled head of hair neatly packed into a lace cap, entered.

"Did I hear you call, Dr. Howard?"

"Ay, yes. I wish you would see if that infection case of mine, which was to be operated this morning, has yet been put under the influence of ether. If she has not, why don't give it to her, because Dr. Cunningham has a new anesthetic here I would like to see him try."

"That's very kind of you, Doctor," said Cunningham, simply.

The nurse, bowing sweetly, hurried away, and the surgeons again all bent over the yellow box, where they engaged in earnest discussion. Suddenly the nurse returned.

"Is she under ether?" said Howard.

"Yes, she is, Doctor. She was completely anesthetized before I had the chance to tell the assistants to wait. They are preparing her in the operating-room now."

"Well, I will try the Akamnia some other day then," said Cunningham. "But can't I assist you in this case, Dr. Howard?"

"Why, I should be delighted at your aid."

The five men walked slowly into the operating-room and gazed carelessly at the admiring students above them. Out in the corridor the creaking of the litter became audible, and soon a spotless orderly wheeled in a patient covered with a white sheet. It was the last case on the list. The students bent forth eagerly to watch the skill of the operator. Howard, as usual, left the cloth over the patient's face and breasts, but ordered the nurse to remove the cloth from the abdomen. It was just an ordinary case of infection, as the surgeon well knew, though he was going to use every aid that man has discovered, to try

and save the life of this little, thin harlot of the slums. What a case for the new anesthetic! It was a shame that he had not heard of it earlier.

The operation was a short one,—a gash or two, a sponging out of infected matter, and it was finished. Down the corridor the girl went, mumbling, "Oh, Gawd," as she recovered from the fumes of the ether.

Howard and Cunningham, together with Phelps, Maclane, and young Cunningham, who had been watching the operation, went back to the operator's room again. With a sigh of relief Howard drew off his white duck coat, now spotted with blood, and threw himself into an easy-chair.

"Well, I am sorry that you all must go, without seeing how 'Akamnia' works," said Cunningham, "Oh, Hal, I wonder whether it would be too much to ask you to go under it for a little while, so that I can show the doctors its action. I will give you a small dose; just enough to keep you under five minutes. Or I'll take some myself, — here, Dr. Maclane, you give it to me, will you?"

"Oh, don't bother," said Maclane. "We will all wait till a good case shows up. Pray don't put Dr. Harold or yourself to any inconvenience."

"I'll go under, dad," said young Cunningham. "Oh, Miss Norton," he called.

He stripped off his coat, rolled up his short sleeves, and removed his collar. "Tell me when you are ready, dad," said he.

"It is very good of you to do this," said Phelps, with a smile, "since it is absolutely unnecessary."

The door opened, and the fat nurse entered again.

"A little sterile water, and a glass spoon, Miss Norton, please," said Cunningham senior.

Miss Norton hurried away. From his pocket Cunningham drew his hypodermic case, looked over the needles, and fastened the one that suited him on the syringe. The nurse entered with the water and the spoon. Into the latter Cunningham threw a few grains of the yellow powder, and then poured in some water. The grains dissolved

with a slight effervescence, leaving a clear solution. With this Cunningham filled his syringe, and went over to his son, who was lying on the couch, discussing college chances of the year with "Stubby" Phelps. The young man rose and straightened out his arm. In shot the hypodermic syringe. Young Cunningham sank back on the couch.

"I am getting dopey already," said he, after a few moments. "I can't feel in my hand, — I can't feel — It's all over me now, all ov'—" His head dropped back limply.

"Pretty damn quick work," said "Foxy" Phelps.

"Von Neuberg certainly has hit it this time," said Howard.

Five minutes passed. Phelps, watch in hand, was recording the lad's pulse. All listened to his regular breathing. Suddenly old Phelps's face went strangely gray. The older surgeon was talking to Maclane. "It justifies all Von Neuberg declared," he was saying. Phelps softly beckoned Howard, and bade him place his ear over the young man's heart. Howard obeyed, and the expression on his face turned from one of doubt to one of deathly sickness.

In the old days "Foxy" Phelps had been old Cunningham's roommate at college. He rose and took him by the arm.

"Come away from here, old man," said he.

Henry B. Sheahan.

*LOVE'S PERFECT HOUR**(From the French)*

Love's perfect hour is not
When loving lips first make their bold confession ;
It comes with joy forgot
In its possession ;

It comes with sudden smiles
Which start from bashful lips too full to speak it ;
With dear disdainful wiles,
And bliss in secret ;

With tender hands that burn,
Laid trembling on the arm that lingers, trembling ;
The page their fingers turn
With eyes dissembling ;

It comes when closed lips say
So much because their modesty opposes ;
When hearts bloom in a day
Like budded roses ;

When perfume of her hair
Seems like a favor dear beyond possession :
Love's perfect hour is there
And mocks confession !

Edward Eyre Hunt.

*NEW ENGLAND**Lloyd McKim Garrison Prize Poem*

Where the forest slopes to the upland lake,
And the river curves between;
And the great north winds blow down to shake
The hemlock's wintry green;
Where the keen ax bites the quivering tree
In the clean, up-country air:—
Wherever the wilderness yields them life,
New England's men are there.
And we of the woodsman blood
Respond to the ancient call;
New England's spirit is with us still,
Who have known and loved it all.

Where the cross-seas tumble and heave and toss,
And the gray fog closes round;
As the liner slashes her way across
The murderous George's ground,
You can look far down from the liner's sail
And mark a sudden flare,
And know by the flash as it hurries past
New England's men are there.
And we of the Viking blood
Awake at the ancient call;
New England's spirit is with us still,
Who have known and loved it all.

Where the bridled torrents loiter down
Through many a lock and gate;
And the mill-wheels turn in the busy town
Where the toilers linger late.
Wherever the tall black chimneys blaze
With endless midnight glare,
You may know as you pass on the rushing train
New England's men are there.
And the old inventive blood
Stirs at the factories' call;
New England's spirit is with us still,
Who have known and loved it all.

Be it east, or west, or south, or north,
To the farthermost ends of the earth;
They have drawn the spirit that sent them forth
From the land that gave them birth.
They were trained in the lap of a stubborn school
For a task that each must share;
And wherever the work of the world is done,
New England's men are there.
And we of the self-same blood
Arouse at the ancient call;
New England's spirit is with us still,
Who have known and loved it all.

Harford W. H. Powel, Jr.

Editorial

OF MORE IMPORTANCE EVEN THAN ATHLETICS

"There was an impression that this new-fangled scholarism was a very sad matter indeed" (Dorau, "Memorials of Great Towns," page 225).

For the twenty-third consecutive time the conservative buoys of Old John Harvard have been dragging their anchors. Again we are in a state of unrest. The Faculty wish to curtail intercollegiate contests on the ground of interference with studies; President Eliot wishes to abolish football for many reasons; President Roosevelt shakes the big stick from the White House as a reminder to whip Yale, and the *Crimson*, backed by the undergraduate sentiment, is indignant lest we lose the intercollegiate contests to which we have clung so dearly in the past. We hear of abolishing sports and all becoming grinds; we hear of grinding the ax with Yale and all becoming sports; we hear so many things all at once that we completely forget so small and unimportant an item as education.

"I am no preaching scholar in the schools;
I'll not be tied to hours nor 'pointed times."

"I'd sooner win two schoolhouse matches than get the Balliol scholarship, any day." But if we are unreasonable enough to admit that in the last analysis we are at Harvard to improve our minds,—to get that education which shall best fit us for the life of the world,—then is it amiss to look a moment at our greatest problem of all, an experiment in which we have departed from the lines laid down in every other university of the country; namely, the *elective system*?

Thus far we may truthfully say that this experiment has worked out below the ideal for which it was intended. The present misun-

derstanding between the Faculty and the undergraduates over athletics owes its origin to a great extent to the unsatisfactory application of the elective system. Sporadic criticism of the system, as impracticable, in many cases has lately been growing so strong that a radical reaction from this policy bids fair to come about in the near future.

But before this reaction comes, before we criticise our elective system as such, let us "flock separately or together and consider" whether the trouble lies in the elective system itself or in its application. Is it not the latter? The great trouble lies in the catalogue system, with its absolute lack of any personal stimulus. At first acquaintance this catalogue of college courses is a most perplexing Baedeker. To explain its hidden mysteries would take a man well versed in its intricacies many hours. How can the uninitiated school boy be expected to understand it, much less to choose wisely or select judiciously? How many of us when we graduate do not wish that we had chosen differently in many of our courses; but how could we? The Freshman, confronted with the problem of courses, is given in answer the college pamphlet. What does it do for him? In most cases it serves to upset all his original plans and leave him still higher on the shores of doubt. He sees so many courses that would be of interest and might be of value that he does not know how to choose. To the Freshman the catalogue is a steep mountain of many steps. To reach the top, each man must find that path which fits his particular individuality. But how? How map out a path with so many footsteps and no one to guide the way? The Freshman is worse off than poor Christian on his pilgrimage in "Pilgrim's Progress," having no Faithful by his side, no Wiseman to point out the pitfalls. In most cases he is not sure what lines he wishes to pursue,—to get a general education or to specialize. The result in many cases is that he becomes disheartened or disgusted, ending by choosing, on the advice of his friends, or with a view to what courses will be easy and come at a convenient hour. Why extraordinary that a choice made with so little care and intelligence fails to bring about the best results?

A step in the right direction would be to give every undergraduate the privilege of the experience gained by those who have gone before and made the same mistakes themselves. This does not imply going back to the old system of prescribed courses, for in the last analysis nobody can decide what courses are best as well as the undergraduate himself; only, in deciding, a man should have a chance to get the best possible advice. Here is where our system at Harvard falls short. Every undergraduate should be detailed to a professor who should act as his adviser, in some such way as the Preceptorial system works at Princeton. In other words, we should have advisers in practice instead of, as at present, in theory only. As in other departments of the University, the struggling student's life-line threatens to become red-tape instead of solid hemp. How much can a man do, seeing twenty-five men in two hours, as is the practice at present? It is not that the authorities and the professors do not wish us to have the best possible advice. The Dean has already opened the road by saying that he is pleased to talk with anybody at any length over his problems and theories about courses. But with all the good will already shown, it would be a physical impossibility for the Dean to accomplish the end at which the elective system aims, or for one man to fulfill the office which a thorough working-out of the elective system would impose upon him.

The weakness of the situation would therefore seem to be that there is but one man. The appointment by him of a number of Deputy Deans to act as advisers might be a solution of the difficulty; then in order that these Deans fulfill their office to best advantage, might not one adviser be appointed to each college dormitory? In this way, by having him live in the dormitory, it would be easy for the undergraduates in the dormitory to get at him; each man should have the privilege to talk several hours if necessary with his adviser, telling what courses he liked at school, what lines he thinks of taking up after he leaves college. The adviser should try to "size up" the man, tell him to try such and such lectures, and, if he doesn't like them, try something else. He should also have time to talk over each man's theories with him at length; find out in what field his

abilities lie, and direct those abilities into channels most likely to lead to results. How many of our Freshmen are dropped every year for just the lack of such advice; for the mistakes which they have made in taking courses for which they were unfitted and in which they were not interested? Let the adviser tell each man what professor and which courses are likely to be most congenial and most interesting. For of what earthly use are all these electives to the graduate if

“No power of combining, arranging, discerning,
Digested the masses he learned into learning?”

In short, the principle of our elective system is right, but its application is wrong; there should be somebody to guide the studies of every undergraduate — somebody to take a personal interest in each man's aims, and to try to put some buoys in the channels of his thought, thereby pointing some kind of a course before it is too late — as, alas! is the case with many of us who never realize what we ought to have done until we graduate. The adviser could do more than this; he could in many cases advise on a man's career after graduation, having known him throughout his college days — but the innumerable ways in which an adviser could be of assistance are obvious.

I ask the theorists on education, the Faculty, the President, and the undergraduate “to give their thinking caps an airing”; so to speak, “cajole with promises of fame the thoughtless youth” and consider whether more of the personal note in our education and less long-distance legislative broadsides would not also help to beat Yale? But whether we beat Yale or not; whether we ever solve our difficulties or not; a health to old Harvard before we leave her this spring! A health to the President, the Faculty, the undergraduates — and the Athletic Committee! For surely shall we not some day solve all our problems, and meanwhile are we not all agreed that

“Though lightly prized the ribboned parchments three,
Yet, *collegisse juvat*, I am glad
That here what *colleging* was mine, I had.”

W. T. K.

Book Notice

THE LIFE OF ALICE FREEMAN PALMER. By George Herbert Palmer.

"Three reasons impel me to write this book, affection first of all. Mrs. Palmer was my wife, deeply beloved and honored. Whatever perpetuates that honor brings me peace. To leave the dead wholly dead is rude. Vivid creature that she was, she must not lie forgotten. Something of her may surely be saved if only I have skill. Perhaps my grateful pen may bring to others a portion of the bounty I myself received."

It is with the same simplicity, tenderness, and dignity so fully revealed in his opening paragraph that Professor Palmer writes the whole of his "Life of Alice Freeman Palmer." The story is the faithful and loving record of a noble woman. It is at the same time a thoughtful and just appreciation, by a scholar, of one whose exceptional powers and high attainments were of public service and are of public interest. Lastly, and for many readers not least, the book is as vivid and engaging as a novel. The story not only is true, but in every line it rings true.

The methods and style of the biography admirably subserve the purpose of the author. Chronology is only broadly observed. The form of narrative and of grouping is the result of a method more humane and appreciative than scientific and historical. Anecdotes and letters enliven a main narrative which needs no enlivenment, and everywhere facts serve only to draw character. The style is lucid, logical, and temperate—of a quiet and simple charm that lays no claim to artistic qualities of rhythm or power. Throughout the whole biography the author achieves his aim to be "systematic, brief, frank, and reverent"; and his portrayal must leave with every reader a winning and unforgettable picture of one whose career, in the words of Presi-

dent Eliot, "is unmatched by that of any other American woman," and whose "life and labors are the best example thus far set before American womanhood."

After even a glimpse of "so abounding a personality," we must confess, with the man who loved Arthur Hallam,

"So here shall silence guard thy fame;
But somewhere out of human view,
Whate'er thy hands are set to do
Is wrought with tumult of acclaim."

J. T. A.

PRISONERS

There is a silver grayness in the east,
Over the long, low line of tragic hills
Which shadow in impenetrable gloom
The unknown depths that echoing battle fills —
Enchanted wars, forgotten long ago! —
Over the silent terror of the world
There bodes at last the miracle of day,
The pinions of the night at last are furled.

O living God! what is there for a heart
So weary that it cannot bear its load,
So nerveless that it cannot feel the dart?
Too sad for beating against prison bars? —
The dawn is flushing the mist beyond the mountains,
The dawn is rising slowly through the stars.

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The aim of the MONTHLY is, primarily, to preserve as far as possible the best literary work that is produced in college by undergraduates; and, secondly, to furnish a field for the discussion of all questions relating to the policy and the condition of the University. In the accomplishment of these aims the MONTHLY invites the co-operation of the students and the alumni.

All manuscripts, business communications and books for review should be sent to the Sanctum, Harvard Union, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

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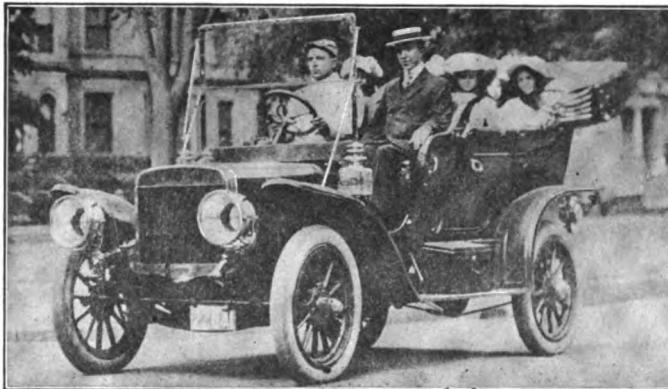
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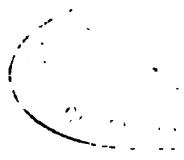
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THE HARVARD MONTHLY

VOL. XLVI

JULY. 1908

No. 5

THE JESTER

WHAT MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED BETWEEN THE SECOND AND THIRD ACTS
OF "THE JESTERS"

(It is evening in the ruined garden of the Château Maupré. The gray, crumbling walls on three sides are heavy with red-blossoming vines. The little fish pond is overgrown with lily pads. At the back an iron gate looks out over the country. Under a gnarled cherry tree is a stone-seat. The ground is strewn with rose leaves, which the wind floats across the wall. Over all pours the clear white moonlight from a cloudless sky. Oliver, the major-domo, stands thoughtfully by the gate.)

OLIVER

Scarce half the month gone yet; the larder fails, the wine
Sinks in its single cask. Ah, this old head of mine!
How can I furnish forth a household fitting my lord?
My leathern purse hangs flat, spent is its little hoard.
Why did I bid them come? these fools that eat all day,
And under the arbored shade drink and chatter and play.
Pack them away? Yes — no — Oh, for the fairy Prince,
I promised should come to her, to little Solange! for since
She heard my foolish words her eyes are wide and dim,
As she sits by the tower stair, ever watching for him.
I thought Chicot was he, or the other, that, scarlet clad,
Struts in the sunshine. They? Ho, the old man grows mad!

They chatter and jest; no thought have they of our master's straits.
But the light in Solange's eyes, the eyes of a child that waits
For her princeling! Yet Chicot speaks and she stops to hear,
The rose of her cheek blooms full. Can the Prince be so near?
A child, and an empty purse, a jester, a promise, a dream!

(*Vulcano, thirsty and angry, interrupts him roughly*)

VULCANO

The cask's nigh empty now — it runs in a slackening stream.
Scanty, the lees at that — and Baroco's dry again.

OLIVER

What can I do?

VULCANO

More wine!

OLIVER

I have none.

VULCANO

Shall such men,
Florentines both, and brave, perish for want of drink?
Stir your fat sides and find some! Is there none hid?

OLIVER (*timidly*)

I think —

VULCANO

Think? Get you gone and act! (*Oliver disappears willingly.*)
The good God mend our state!
Baroco got the last. I was a fool to wait.
Jack Pudding snores by the hearth, and I am dry. Who's there?
(*There is the sound of a voice without, coming nearer.*)
Who goes singing at night? (*Chicot appears at the gate.*)

CHICOT

Is not the moonlight fair?

VULCANO

Who?

CHICOT

Only I.

VULCANO (*disgustedly*)

Chicot!

CHICOT (*coming in*)

You seem sober, my friend.

VULCANO

Reason enough to be sober.

CHICOT

The wine has come to an end?

VULCANO

I do not always drink!

CHICOT

No; you must sometimes rest.

VULCANO

Hump-backed boy! With a sword, I'd show you who is best.

CHICOT

What should I do with swords? My tongue is blade enough.
Stand away from the point, or I wound your self-love.

VULCANO

Stuff!

How can I talk when dry!

CHICOT

Have they not bought new wine?

VULCANO

"Bought!" They are poor as mice — they carry themselves right fine.
But not a clink in their coffers — starving themselves for pride.

CHICOT (*to himself*)

Solange, poor child!

VULCANO

What's that?

CHICOT

See, where the gate stands wide,
The whole plain's white in the moon, down to the river's brink.

VULCANO

I could talk pretty, too, if I had a drop to drink.

CHICOT

Vulcano, you shall have it.

VULCANO

Messer Chicot is gay.

CHICOT

On my faith! See, my purse. Fat —

VULCANO

For many a day,

I've not seen coppers even. Well?

CHICOT

Take it, and go to town.

Take some one else. Buy a good skin.

VULCANO

And bring it down?

CHICOT

To-night.

VULCANO

Baccho, a skinful! Baroco's eyes will gleam.

CHICOT

Hurry or the moon fades.

VULCANO

We'll have to cross the stream
Of the white witch-lady's oak.

CHICOT

You are not frightened?

VULCANO

I!

I would beard Satan in Hell to get a drink when dry.
Better take *two* men with me.

CHICOT

Jacques and Pierre are gone
To meet the Baron.

VULCANO

Then Julian?

CHICOT

Let him sleep till dawn.
He is o'erdone. Jack Pudding, perchance?

VULCANO

That quivering fool,
Worse than a ghost himself, when he reached the haunted pool.
'Twould frighten me with his fright.

CHICOT

Hilarius?

VULCANO

God be good!

Chalk-faced, silent, sinister, under his sable hood.
I saw him as I came here — he gave me a start, I swear,
Curled in an inky heap in the frost-white moonlight there,
By the terrace door. His eyes are like the eyes of the dead.

CHICOT

He is the man for you. Silent, and gaunt, no dread
Can touch you while you walk with that black shadow near.
The fiends will shrink away, thinking their master dear
Has his hot hand on you. Hilarius! (*He calls loudly.*)

VULCANO

Holy Saint — !

(*The other jester appears just behind, startling Vulcano horribly*)

CHICOT

Haply a draught of wine will cure him his complaint.

VULCANO (*fascinated*)

Better he than none?

CHICOT

Hilarius!

HILARIUS (*gloomily*)

I am here.

CHICOT

Are you stout-hearted?

HILARIUS

Aye. Should one without hope have fear?

(*Chicot whispers to him merrily. He seems to nod assent*)

CHICOT

Take him then, Vulcano, to cheer you on your way.

'Tis a few minutes' walk to the wine-shop.

VULCANO

Aye, by day.

But the cold pool — the white trees — !

HILARIUS

They groan, men say, o' nights,
And over the curséd ground creep myriads of blue lights.

VULCANO

I have had wine enough.

CHICOT

Are you afeared, my friend?

VULCANO

'Feared? By the finger bones of — !

CHICOT

Then, on your way, and spend
My purse for a mellow vintage. You will be back ere long.
Cheer him, Hilarius, hearten him with a song.

. . . (*He holds Vulcano a moment as the other moves off*)

A word in your ear, Vulcano. Men say he's the devil's breed,
The foul fiend ever aids his workers of ill at need.
Pray, as you love your soul, where the blasted trees gleam white,
Lest horrid things befall. The devil is strong at night.
Off and be stalwart, man — and dead folk love good wine!

HILARIUS

The moon will be overcast.

VULCANO

Beshrew these legs of mine —
The night air strikes with palsy.

CHICOT

Sing to him, comrade dear.

(*As they move away Hilarus strikes up some minor chant of dismal purport. Chicot leans against a tree breathless.*)
Vulcano, prince of cowards! A merry jest to hear,
Merrier still to tell. I was born for a jester, I,
Born for the open air, to jest under summer sky,
Not for the arras'd court, nor the mirth of unclean camps,
Not for the student's cell, where the life burns out with the lamps,
A ruined château, a terrace, a garden, a summer breeze,
With only a wit to jest, only an aim to please,
Out facing each and each, not after manner of men,
The sword, but the simple word that stirs and soothes again,
Jesting, ballading, riming, chattering all the while,
Of wars and courts and tourneys, man's favor, woman's smile,
Speaking of hate and love — of love — and a blue-eyed maid
Hangs on my every word as the little farce is played,
Watches my every glance, wondering why her cheek
Burns with a sudden red, hearing my foolship speak,
Dreams of a fairy lover — he came not a long time since —
And the Prince shall be like the Fool, but the Fool is not the Prince.

The Fool is never the Prince — yet she dreams of me at night !
I know it ! Why else should she fear to meet my eyes in the light ?
I can lie in the moonshine, hearing the secrets of elves,
Knowing more of the night than the shy wood-spirits' selves.
I can stand on the hill-crests singing out to the sun,
Glad in the light of day, for its soul and mine are one.
I can sing to the sunset, softly, till sleepy birds
Cease from their vesper's hum to hear my wind-flung words.
God has given me poetry. Ah, shall the Prince to come
Be but a man of deeds for that his lips are dumb ?
Shall his long blade be bright while his words are slow and few ?
Is a fairy Prince but a dolt whose boast is of men he slew ?
Better a hump-backed Fool with God's breath in his soul,
Than a handsome fool whose talk is of wars and his titles' roll.
Dreamers babble of moon-motes. I may not have her. So,
The dwarf and the elfin princess — Ha — who is there ?

(Solange has come softly from the castle and is standing timidly in the shadow, her white gown gleaming faintly.)

SOLANGE

Chicot !

Chicot, I am very lonely — they all are gone away.
Shadows come in at the windows and grin in the corners.

CHICOT

Nay,

Shadows have none of ill ; they work for us in the light,
Then, when the day is fled, they take their frolic at night.
Come, sit here on the bench. See how the garden walk
Is fretted and crossed and twined with shadow of leaf and stalk,
The wood-folks' lacework that — moon-elves are busy nights,
Generous, too, I think, showing us such quaint sights.

SOLANGE

The world was fair before — ne'er so wondrous as now,
Since you first told me tales of its unseen things.

CHICOT

See how

The rose leaves float in the moon-mist. Caravels they, to bear
The little folk of the garden thorough the scented air
To visit friends of the sea-beach, dwelling in empty shells,
While the water ripples about with the sound of a thousand bells
Carolling far away.

SOLANGE

You see such pretty sights!

CHICOT

But you shall see them too.

SOLANGE

The world all changes o' nights.
Daytimes I'm not afraid. People are near, you know —
At night I am all alone.

CHICOT

And then you call Chicot.

SOLANGE

You seem to love the night, yet 'tis not gay, while you,
You are a jester —

CHICOT

Yes, I am a jester — true.

I wear the cap and bells while there are folks to see,
Then when the shadows come I fling them far from me,
And walk out free in the night to talk with the things of God.

SOLANGE

Never frightened or lonely?

CHICOT

Listen, you, I have trod
By the place where knowledge ends and the unseen dwells.

SOLANGE

Chicot!

CHICOT

I have heard the rustle of wings where the grasses nod and blow.
When the moon was waning dim, I have shut my eyes in this place,
That I might not catch a glimpse of some frightened elfin face
Peeping out of a rosebud, lest he should run away,
Leaving the garden unblessed.

SOLANGE

I never see them by day.

CHICOT

Night is their time and mine. Darkness can hide the Fool
Under her clouded cloak.

SOLANGE

Hark! Oh, a frog in the pool.

CHICOT

Speckled coursers of those who dwell among lily roots.
Listen, answering him, the gray owl-harrier hoots.
He sees things we may but dream.

SOLANGE

I shall not sleep, I think.

See the lights in the pond!

CHICOT

The moon-elves stoop to drink
Their fill ere the moon be set and their ladder lost and gone,
And they wander helpless about and perish amid the dawn.

SOLANGE

I thought that poets alone knew of such wondrous things.
And you are only a jester.

CHICOT (*bitterly*)

I had forgotten. Kings
May dabble in verse and Princelings — the Fool spins folly still,
The Poet is not born, but made by a gaping people's will —
And a Fool is never a Poet.

SOLANGE

Of course not. More wonders, pray.

CHICOT

No, for the Poet has fled; the Jester drove him away.
Shall I turn you a merry quip or sing you a song by rote?

SOLANGE

What do the night-sounds mean, the will-wisp's mocking note?

CHICOT (*in mock solemnity*)

Must the Jester conjure the Poet into the night? Cric-crac,
Abracadabra — lo, the Poet may not come back.
I'll tell you a tale —

SOLANGE

Chicot, I liked the Poet best.

CHICOT

I can be very droll.

(*Hilarius approaches quietly through the gate.*)

HILARIUS

Sss! Chicot!

CHICOT

So my jest

Is here to my hand. Approach.

SOLANGE

Hilarius!

HILARIUS

Gentle maid!

SOLANGE (*surprised*)

He was smiling!

CHICOT

I caught a glint —

SOLANGE

What was the jest you played?

CHICOT

What of the wine?

HILARIUS

Just broached. They toast you in every draught.

SOLANGE

But I thought —

CHICOT (*quickly*)

Your father's wine — sweetest, I ever quaffed!

HILARIUS

They grow too merry for me, I drank but I could not smile.

CHICOT

What of our Prince of Topers, Vulcano, all this while?

SOLANGE

See, he is smiling now!

HILARIUS

He has not drunken yet.

CHICOT

Poor Vulcano, still dry?

HILARIUS

Alas, no, sadly wet!

The blasted tree of the witches startled his sodden brain,
The moon was under a cloud, the copse lights glimmered plain
Over the marsh, the wind sighed about bush and tree.
His legs were supple as willows; thrice he made to flee,
Hearing my wailing song of the leprous maiden's glance,
But I held him tight. Pardieu, I led him a merry dance!
Till under the shattered copse I made as I were crazed,
Wild-eyed, gibbering, mowing — so that poor braggart, dazed,
Leaped from my side and fled, starting at every shade,
Seeing not where he ran. Ho, what a splash he made;
Plump in the witches' pool! I can hear him shrieking still.

CHICOT

And then — ?

HILARIUS

I know not. I brought the wineskin down the hill,
Drank as I wished and roused my fellows to revel too.

CHICOT

A merry jest on my soul. Hilarius, thanks to you.
Your sable mantle hides a jester's heart.

HILARIUS

But no,

'Twas a bitter jest and frightful. So am I ever.

CHICOT

Go.

Stay, there's a shadow skulking under the gate.

SOLANGE

Chicot

I am afraid.

CHICOT

Solange, 'tis — on my word — Vulcano!

Hark ye, play out the jest. Silent now.

(*Vulcano, dripping, sneaks in, still quivering with fright.*)

VULCANO

Home again!

What a horrible night! What would the tongues of men
Say if they knew I ran? The thought still curds my blood;
Warlocks, pixies, all weird-folk, dwell in that gruesome wood.
The chill of the — (*He sees Hilarus stalking towards him.*)

Haunted still! Hilarus?

HILARIUS (*hollowly*)

I was so.

Now I have ta'en again the form that the damned know.
I lost you down by the pool. Sathanas has you now!
Look, by the cherry tree. (*He sees Solange, white in the moonlight.*)

VULCANO

The dead, white maid o' the pool!

Mercy, drag me not down! I do no evil.

CHICOT (*appearing*)

Fool!

Braggart, bully, and coward!

VULCANO

Eh?

CHICOT

Do you not know me,

Chicot? there Hilarius — ?

VULCANO

And that — there by the tree?

CHICOT

Lady Solange!

VULCANO

The Saints — !

CHICOT

Your soul is bared to me.

Frightened at lights and noises!

VULCANO (*regaining courage*)

I was not frightened, I,

Ho! I was jesting too. I knew you well.

CHICOT

Your eye

Fearfully shifts about — your hand shakes, all a-cold.
Take him away, my friend.

VULCANO (*going*)

Jester, the jest was old.

I played my part. (*Hilarius begins to hum reminiscently.*)

Not that song! Give me a cup of drink.

(*Hilarius leads him out.*)

SOLANGE (*in mock reproof*)

It was cruel of you to scare poor Vulcano, I think.

CHICOT

He will be gentler now.

SOLANGE

What rustles all through the close?

CHICOT

Each hidden night laughs at him. See you, every rose
Whispers, shaking with laughter — the little folks love such tricks.
Often play them too, and the smart of their jesting sticks.

A VOICE (*from across the wall*)

Solange!

CHICOT

Who was that?

SOLANGE

Nicole. She finds I am not in bed.

I must go.

CHICOT

It is not late.

SOLANGE

Ah, but the time has sped
Out of our thought. Nicole?

THE VOICE

Solange, you must have your rest.

SOLANGE

I'm coming, nurse. Chicot, I still like the Poet best.

CHICOT

The Poet may come back some day.

SOLANGE

I shall dream of your tales. Good-night.

(*He follows her to the gate, then wanders back.*)

CHICOT

Star tapers wane and clouds are gathering. She was right.
Better a Poet than a Fool. The world is sound asleep.
The wind is hurrying East. Ah, to be skilled to leap
Over the backs of the waves, meeting the new red sun,
Calling a thousand ripples bright from the deep as one.
My jesting makes me flighty. Was that a pixy — stirred
Under that leaf or a — tut, only a fledgling bird,
Lost from his nest — a swallow. There's one built under the eaves.
Flutter and flutter, fledgling trembling under leaves!

(He picks it up tenderly.)

Come, we will both go home. I was a bird, you know,
Or I was ever a child — tellers of tales say so.
Come, we will find the nest. Solange's light is gone.
“Dream of your tales” — ah me — let's hope for a pretty dawn.

(He goes out, singing happily to himself.)

Robert Rogers.

THE CALL OF THE RIVER

There is nothing particularly tiring in itself about the city; all of us brought up in the complexity of the twentieth century would find ourselves most dolefully lost if we really tried to live always away from the world and its so-called conventional spirit. It is the complexity of it that calls us: the mart and the assemblies, the cafés and the theaters, the concerts and the lectures, the life of the home, with its pleasant quests, its books and peaceful air. These are the very bone of our bone. The very man who wearies of them most comes

back to them with the greatest joy; it is all a mistake, this belief of ours that the world is poorer, less rich than it used to be; that primitive man had free resources of thought and action, mysteriously denied to us. It is the man trained by varied life who can deal with simple life and try to figure some meaning out of its outward monotony. He it is to whom the desert is a hope and an inspiration, a source of replenishment for his mind, a rich pabulum for the stomach on which his ideas must be drawn for the next six months or so. But put him down in the forest or desert forever, and he becomes a nomad, a hairy, dirty creature, with eyes for nothing but his daily meat and feelings only for his emaciated body. He has no perspective, because he can bring all this waste of sand or prairie to no focus. He cannot see it all at once, and as he has no mental measuring stick, he cannot imagine that it can all be seen at one glance. So he shrivels up, just as his skin shrivels up under the sun.

But take a city man, one bred in books and music and art, limited perhaps for a season to his home, his office, his club, and his friends' homes, tied down to the four walls of his city, as if some army besieged its gates, and then allow him to escape, and he is off with a bound for the woods or the hills or the river; the very air seems different, the ground strangely springy; new visions float out from the clouds, and joy in the present, happiness *in esse* in his. He fancies then almost that he can see the arcs of some of his dreams completed, and a pot of gold glistens at the end of every rainbow. All this seems new to him, and so he rejoices in it. This marriage of the desert and the city, the woods and the thoroughfares, the river and the rialto is always an auspicious one.

It is in the spring that the river calls loudest, when "the snows are dispersed, the grass returns to the fields and the leaves to the trees and the descending stream glides by the banks." Then it was that Tom and I planned our canoe trip.

Many are the troubles we have had on previous excursions; many are those for the future. But as we look toward the past in general, we rigidly exclude all memories save those which are agreeable to us,

pleasant talks, walks, studies, books ; all these rise easily at the touch of our magician's wand. And in the future we anticipate only what we remember. Only in our most depressed moments do we permit our defeats and disillusionments to come to light ; at all other times, they are rigidly blotted out. So we forget the aches and pains of former trips, the cold rains at night, the blisters and burns, the loss of the coffee pot, a vain search after wood, the hard and painful portages, and the desperate bunking-places we sometimes submitted to. We simply do not consider them as possibilities. All the gray tones are made black, and then we only see the welcoming sunlight of the middle. We remember the long rapids, the plunges in cool pools, the dinners eaten around the fire, and the sleep by the still river bank. All is pleasant behind us, all is rosy ahead. So, with boundless anticipation we break for the nearest wild country we can reach.

Of course our ambition is to go to Canada, to wind through those regions where we may fondly imagine no white man's boat has ever been. Those are excursions put indefinitely off into the future, when most of our great things are to be done. Meanwhile there is a Middle Western stream which for many a day has borne our canoe, and to us it is as wild and varied, as freshly interesting as any Meander of the Northern country. Darwin, you remember, spent his summer vacation exploring his back yard, and found therein, in the space of a few months, enough material to keep him perpetually surprised. Now we are not Darwin, but our own backyard stream is capable of amusing us till that day when we finally set off in search of our Golden Fleece.

We had long passed the conventional stage where a long list of necessaries, both food and utensil, is made out, and carefully checked off as one or the other of us, methodically and conscientiously, makes each indispensable purchase. Each, this time, brought just what he found "lying round" unclaimed by the cook, or left in places of vantage.

It is astonishing how a little break from routine will upset things and cause the routine breaker to puff himself up with importance. But after we had run off between the inevitable gauntlet of good-bys and

reminders of things not to forget to do, we reached the boathouse landing on the morning of the eventful start and then took account of stock.

Among various non-essentials we found two sides of bacon, two loaves of bread, a frying pan battered and burned during a score of campaigns, canned soup (scoff not at canned soup, we'll hear more of it anon), and then the odds and ends brought by the thoughtful and sweet-toothed member, and good only for the first day or so. It takes neat packing to get all this into a canoe with blankets and a tent; but after a fashion it is done, and the launching of the expedition has taken place.

For an hour or two we wind down through the lower regions of the city, drifting by the rude hovels of that degraded part of the city's slums that line the banks of the river for several miles. Rude, dirty youngsters, barefoot, though it was early May, ran along the side, calling us derisive names, asking us what we were doing in the "sissy" boat (these gamins know of hardly any other craft than the flat "mud scow"), and throwing rocks and chunks of dirt at us. Two or three houseboats were moored along the side of the river. On one of these a typical family of the under half sat sunning itself on the porch, the children smoking cigarettes, the mother a corn-cob pipe, and the father fishing, stolidly indifferent, barefoot, uncombed, unwashed, and collarless.

The city was waking up as we left it. The smoke of the factories was belching forth into the air, and the whirr of the machinery smote our ears as we floated by in the middle of the stream. As we passed under the last bridge that reminded us of the civilization we were trying to leave, a little youngster leaned over the railing and called out, "Say, youse, what youse a-doin'?" "We're going down river," we replied. "Good-by." "Wisht I could go," he said. "Wisht I could go, but I gotter work."

The inhabitant of the East, who is accustomed to see all the land carefully cultivated, cleared, and put into order along the river bank, allowing a clear view to the fields beyond, can hardly imagine the sense of newness which fills the canoeist even in so well and long settled a

region as the Middle West. No attempt is made to intrude on the land within fifty feet or so of the water's edge, and this neutral zone is left almost as it has existed since the first Jesuit paddled up its twisting course. The sense of untouched nature is strong and potent. It is weakened only by the camps of those summer residents who come with the first of spring, and stay, with constant numbers, though shifting personnel, till the first of October. Their dirty-white tents are a blotch on our landscape, their charred ovens and the blackened ground around, a mar on the theoretically untouched soil, but save for these we may go for miles without seeing a person.

Great sinuous white sycamores, their darker bark half-peeled from their sides in their bursting growth, their chalky tops hanging out over us, line the banks on either side. And interspersed with them are the willows falling over in graceful parabola, till the branches touch the water and are swayed back and forth by the current and wind acting together. To the rear of these stand the gray old guard of last year's gigantic horse weeds, which stand as mournful proof of the negligence of farmers.

There is nothing like a river to fill one's every mood. There are those long peaceful stretches where the canoe barely glides along, it responds to your slightest touch, and feeling your mood, responds to it by carrying you along in its best even-tempered way. Then comes a long rapid; the waters suddenly seem to slide from under you, the bank runs backward, then a great rush of waters, a pounding of the stream on the rocks below. Your steed feels the smoke of battle. If you watch not, he will careen from side to side and dash from under your control. Then if you are in love with your game, you grip your paddle firmer, and alert and intent watch the stream ahead. Then at the right moment, when your comrade in the bow calls out instructions, "Left," or "Right," or "Hard a-port," you throw all your power into the work, and with great rejoicing fly safely down between "the clashing rocks." The swift current sweeps you safely on, and you go on your way exulting in your boat and your mastery over it. The water rolls purer now, till at last the speed is lost, the impetus is gone, and you are left to proceed again as you desire.

"But what is better yet," exclaims Tom, "is the fight up a small rapids, when the whole scheme of nature conspires to keep you back and refuses to allow you to ascend the stream. Then if you have the stuff in you, you rise in your might and paddle with great quick strokes, striving with all your power to keep your canoe from sliding back over the ground so hard won just behind. You see no gain as you fling a hurried glance at the bank, while the water fairly whirls past you; finally, when your breath is coming fast and your arms ache, you suddenly notice a gain in your standing with the shore; where you were opposite a bush you are now opposite a tree; slowly and steadily you crawl onwards — then in a moment you paddle easily out into the quiet waters above. That is the joy of canoeing."

We had luncheon on a grassy bank where we spread out our blanket and, lolling at our ease, partook of the delicacies prepared at home. A foaming bucket of milk was brought from the nearby farmhouse; a basket of strawberries was thrown in for good measure by the farmer's wife, and thus we feasted as gods in Valhalla.

As we lay stretched out on our backs afterwards, puffing silently and slowly little wreaths of smoke into the air, we were startled by the sound of our host's voice as he came trampling through the brush from the rear. Then was a merry hour of it. Tales of school and college life, stories of athletics, excursions and experiences on our part; on his, tales of the simple life of the country, of dogs and hunting, thrashing dinners and barn warmings.

"D'you know," he said, as we became more familiar, "do you know my beagle hound Joe. He was out a-trailin' a rabbit one day last winter, an' he tracked him right round by the hen-house, up over the hill by the old shack, and across the holler by Jim's house — Jim's my hand — not my hired man, but my hand, what eats at my table any time he's a mind to — well, he went past Jim's house, as I was tellin' ye, through to the berry patch. Just then the dorg began a-hollerin' them slow whinin' yelps that tells me allus that he knows he's gettin' along porely an' he wants me to know it. Then he stopped altogether. Well, the rabbit had gained quite a piece and sat down (froze, as hunt-

ers say), right under Bill Crane's nose, who was out a-huntin'. Now Bill's a sportsman, so he says he is, an' he won't never shoot a rabbit settin'. Says it goes agin his upbringingin', it does. So he walks all around that dern critter, an' he keeps a-yellin', 'Hay, Mr. Rabbit, git up an' git. Start it goin', won't you?' Nary move by the rabbit. 'Wake up, I tell ye! I'm a honorable man, I tell ye.' Nary move by the rabbit. 'D'you think,' he yells with an impressive gesture, 'that I would shoot ye in the sanctity of your own clod-heap? Not if Bill knows his ethics; besides, it would be too easy.' Just then the dorg caught the trail agin, an' suddenly he begun to beller, an' all of a sud-dint that onreliable rabbit gives a jump and is off for another jaunt around the circuit. Now Bill had a double barrel repeatin' shot gun, latest style. My, he was proud of it! He blazed away with one barrel, an' that cotton-tail was gettin' further away all the time; then he blazed away with the other barrel, an' dog gone my cats, if he didn't miss it with both! That dog would have been chasin' it yet, if a pole-cat hadn't sorter mixed up the scent. But Bill, he shoots them anyway he can now."

So the old man talked; but an end must come, and at last we were on our way again, floating down the river. I lay on my back in the bottom of the canoe, our tent for a bed-pillow and our blankets for a mattress, and let my companion paddle me quietly along. Can you ask for anything much pleasanter than this? You hear nothing but the ripple of the water against the bow and the quiet swish of the paddle through the water, followed by the patter of drops as the blade is lifted into the air at the end of each stroke. The harsh cry of a startled crow, or the "tweet" of the sandpipers on the beach, break momentarily a stillness that is almost complete.

In the sky you can see nothing but the deep blue of May; a bird now and then dashes across the line of vision or far above, careening in great majestic curves, a few scattered buzzards keep their untiring watch. A loathsome bird it is near at hand, and loathsome is its occupation, and yet I always feel that there is something magnificent in its power, its strength, its big ways of sailing through the air.

There are not many incidents in the day to excite one. It is usually a steady peaceful journey, enlivened more by the rollicking good spirits of the party than by any unusual occurrences. The air is fairly riven by song, or attempts at song; the turtles on every log are dismayed and shaken by the reverberations of melodies, old and new, mournful and gay, of college and of the world. But when songs and talk fail, it is interesting to follow, perhaps for miles, in the wake of a great white crane, which, startled by our approach when we are a quarter of a mile off, rises on noisily flapping wings and sails down the river half a mile or so, where it lights again in the reeds, thinking it has left us forever behind. Soon again, however, it is startled from its transient repose by our stealthy approach; then again it flaps its wings, and again leaves us quickly behind.

The kingfisher is perhaps even more interesting an entertainer. This blue-tufted, white-breasted diver is a most patient but dashing Izaak Walton, remaining perched on a high limb till he suddenly leaps, as it were, from the bough and, sweeping across the river, drops, with lightning rapidity, into the water, and is out in an instant, shaking the water from his feathers. But strange as it may seem, often as I have seen him dive, never have I seen him successful.

This is really not to be wondered at. Every few miles we pass some forlorn fisherman, either arrayed with the most modern tackle, or, more usually, with a bamboo stick or rude bough. There they have stood, seemingly for hour upon hour, seated with humped-up shoulders upon old logs, gazing into watery space, looking for—fish, but few have I ever seen on their strings. They have all the patience of my kingfisher friend, with none of his dash.

Now and then, however, a really exciting incident occurs. Once, as we were paddling by a high elm, we heard a most prodigious clatter in the branches above, and there saw two squirrels, fighting and insulting each other with all the strength of their claws and lungs. Suddenly one lost his balance and fell with a dull "plop" into the water. The other in the tree seemed to cackle even louder than before. With sullen bedraggled determination, the defeated one swam to the shore

and slunk off in the bushes, not stopping to try conclusions again with the victor of the tree, who had run clear down the length of the trunk to show his good intentions.

But the all-pervading interest of the afternoon is the search for a good swimming-place. We paddle along steadily for miles, eagerly watching for the ideal spot, expecting that each turn will at last bring us to it. Almost every man has a picture of this ideal place in his mind; it is impossible accurately to present that picture through the medium of words, but there is, nevertheless, one spot which each of us hopes to reach or one day did reach, which is by all odds the most wonderful of his little creation. So we passed by place after place that might satisfy any ordinary demand, always in search of this "pool of our dreams." Several times my fondest hopes were all but realized, when Tom would exclaim, "This is not the place; don't you remember when we came along here four years ago that splendid pool just around a turn, with the beach on one side and the great row of sycamores on the other? I shall never forget it. Surely we'll find it around the next bend or so." So we continued the search — but alas it had gone. A river changes in four years, or else our memory had changed instead. But another pool made sufficient vicarious atonement therefor, and great was the splashing and noisy enjoyment therein.

After our swim came supper. What a wonderful supper and how marvelously prepared! What giving of orders, indiscriminate and conflicting! What hurrying after driftwood for the fire! Bacon, sliced in long strips, was soon spluttering in the frying pan, our soup on a bucket over another part of the fire, bread toasting and coffee brewing. Fried bacon and toasted bread! They lend a flavor to all the day following. All the labor of a portage is as nothing, if we can have a swim in the cool evening, followed by bacon and toasted bread. I never like bacon anywhere else, but in the open; with toasted bread it is supreme. And again I warn you, ye Philistines, scoff not at canned soup. Ever shall we sing the praises of the tomato soup which on this evening we drank from the same bucket.

After we had put things to rights like good housekeepers, we sat about the fire and smoked and talked in that tranquil way which is the

inevitable supplement of a day in the open. How easy talk flows at such times with

" Those fires comforting our feet
While we discussed the universe, a waitress, and the nation,
And set aside ideas of God with cozy sad negation."

The fire reaches its last stage. A piece burns out, falls to the ground, flaming brightly for a moment or two. The embers glow heartily, while the half-burnt sticks above burn, as old Uncle Lute used to say, "as if they was enjoyin' the fire themselves." There is no crackling now, just a steady soft burning, the flames licking their way clear around the log, and contentedly burning themselves out. Dusk has settled down, in all the country there is no light save the one before us. An owl hoots across the river to us and is answered by the soft whistle of the whip-poor-will. Save for these and our own hushed voices, there is no sound save the gurgle of the passing waters, the noise of the rapids below. We draw our canoes up along the beach, disdaining to pitch a tent on such a night, and laying our blankets on the bottom, settle down to sleep.

Those wonderful creaky voices of the night,—the rustle of the trees, the soft stir of the night wind, the croaking of the frogs. From far in the distance comes the startled crow of a cock, answered from a more distant barnyard by a fainter, returning crow, and this, too, by an echo of it. The waters keep their continual pace. "The majestic river floated on out of the mist and hum of that low land on to the frosty starlight." So steady, so irresistible seems to be its flow, that we almost imagine that our canoes were sailing with it, carried in that quiet current, we *know* not where.

And on the last morning a portage through the town, between ugly houses and gaping villagers, a loading of the boat on a wagon prepared for the train; a hasty meal in a cheap restaurant, vivid explanations to all inquirers of our adventures, a noisy, dusty ride in the train, and again we are in the city. But never mind, we have lived once. Now we are ready to salute you.

Edward R. Lewis.

THE MODERN WORLD

Socialism — like another Christ — will shatter the old world

Amid the jarring of the city's wheels,
And whirring of machinery on its course,
I feel a vast irrevocable force
Behind the thunder, that the sound conceals.

The harlot's laughter in the empty street,
The drunken revel and the pauper's hearse
Echo the ancient and malignant curse,
I hear it in the sound of many feet —

An ominous anger of foreboding things ;
Within the solitudes of steel and stone,
The factory's whistle and the trolley's moan —
A somber voice of mighty warning sings.

The voice that cried in Athens and in Tyre,
That rang in Rome before Lucretius died,
The voice of One that in the desert cried,
“ Prepare the way ! ” and dumb fell lute and lyre.

The sullen and the holy heart of man
Cries out again before the approaching doom,
From tottering temple and from rotting tomb
The truth emerges that with God began.

The ancient truth, too simple for a word,
Holier than love and common as the clay,
Labors again through darkness into day;
Within the silences a sound is heard,

"Till a new Christ is born out of the dust,
Build up your walls and towers as you will,
Before His voice the roarings shall be still,
Your idols, shattered and your ruins, rust!"

John Hall Wheelock.

ROBINSON'S FOLLY

I shall never forget my first glimpse of New Cornwall. The stage had toiled wearily up the long hill that overlooks the little sea-coast town, and as the horses started on a trot down the opposite slope, I got almost a bird's-eye view of the locality. The neat, homelike houses, dotting the little plain and radiating from the white meeting-house, were characteristic of any New England town, but outlined against the blue background of sea and sky was a most startling feature of the landscape. In the very center of the town a rugged pile of ledges rose abruptly one hundred feet or more above the plain and from these crags the ruined towers and battlements of a castle frowned defiantly upon the peaceful village. It seemed as incongruous and impossible as a place in a dream, yet this was a thrifty little New England town.

I turned to the stage-driver and asked him what the great ruin might be. From afar it looked like a great English castle, gradually fallen into picturesque ruin after centuries of feudal glory and romantic adventure. The walls were of rough field-stone which seemed to have

grown to be a part of the rocky summit itself. Gray, square towers rose from the battered corners, and the lines of the poet,—

The castle alone in the landscape lay
Like an outpost of winter, dull and gray,—

flashed across my mind. I was prepared to hear my guide announce in reverent tones that this was Guy's Cliff or even Kenilworth, and it was indeed a shock when, without turning his head, he growled, "That? That's Robinson's Folly."

It is always unsatisfactory to try to force information out of old stage-drivers, and when this one had ignored several opportunities to explain this mysterious feature of the landscape, I resigned myself, but determined that I should not be in New Cornwall many days before I knew the history of Robinson's Folly.

Sam Robinson, at fourteen, was as sharp a little Yankee as New England can produce, and in New Cornwall his business dealings were almost proverbial. His father, the village grocer, used to smile when any one spoke of young Sam as "real smart" and often remarked to the boy's mother that if Sam wasn't "one of these millionaires before he got through" he would be more than surprised.

Sam was a good-hearted, pleasant lad, and every one in New Cornwall liked him. A few houses down the street from the grocery lived Mary Bates, who was just Sam's age and had been his playmate ever since either could remember. She fairly worshipped his sunny face, his dark hair and eyes, and that the affection was mutual there was no doubt, for once Sam had exclaimed, "When you and I are twenty-one, Mary, we'll be married!" Mary was a pretty, slight, little girl, and since Mr. Bates's death she and her mother just managed to get a living, Mrs. Bates as a seamstress and Mary helping her as she could. But the girl was always happy, and her sweet face lighted with a radiant although almost pathetic smile when she spoke.

Sam Robinson at nineteen, bright and ambitious, determined to leave New Cornwall and seek his fortune, as the story-books have it.

Mary had lately become assistant post-mistress during the summer season and spent most of her time in the little office.

"I am afraid we won't be married when we're twenty-one," reflected Sam, one evening before his departure from the old town, when he was escorting Mary home from the post-office; "but if you'll wait for me, Mary, if you'll wait for me, we'll be married when I'm rich, or — or when I'm thirty anyway."

"I'll wait for you," replied Mary earnestly; "but why do you say you must be rich first? We are happy enough as we are. Oh, I am afraid if you get money, it will spoil everything."

"Nonsense," laughed her companion. "How funny you are, Mary! Besides, I feel that it is in me to make money and I couldn't be happy to just live along, here in New Cornwall, knowing that I ought to be in the business of the city. Of course, I may never make a cent, but I must try."

"But Chicago is so far away, Sam. Boston is far enough for you to go and try, I'm sure," pleaded Mary, almost pathetically.

"Oh, nothing is far away nowadays, you know," returned Sam, and it was not many days before he was speeding westward toward the city of his hopes.

Fifteen years made little difference in the appearance of New Cornwall; the great elms on the Common cast a more luxuriant shade perhaps, and the meeting-house gloried in a new coat of dazzling white paint, but otherwise the aspect of the village was unchanged. Mary Bates had been post-mistress now for ten years. Now and then she received letters from Sam who still spoke of marrying her when his ship came in: — and then his ship did come in. During the last two years the newspapers frequently had columns concerning the daring, but always fortunate, Chicago broker, Samuel Robinson. The little post-mistress felt a thrill the first time she read the head-lines, but the next moment, she sighed. He must be rich, the papers said so, and yet he had not spoken definitely of returning home. Often she had written, begging Sam to come back to New Cornwall, if only for two weeks in the summer and just as often she had been told that business could not be left even for a day, and that much as he wished to see Mary, it

was really out of the question. The name of Samuel Robinson became a familiar sight in all newspapers. His daring manipulation of copper-stocks was regularly blazed forth in giant print, his most notorious deal being the Standard Copper bubble of '86,—but that is getting ahead of our story.

One long afternoon towards the end of June, while Mary Bates was sorting the last mail, a telegram, addressed to her, came to the office. The arrival of a telegram was a rare event in this quaint town of twenty years ago, and Mary looked twice at the writing on the yellow envelope, then lifted up her spectacles and looked again. It was certainly for her! In a flurry of excitement she finished her work and tore open the despatch.

“Coming East to spend the Fourth. See you Tuesday afternoon.
“SAMUEL ROBINSON.”

It seemed too good to be true! As Mary hurried home to supper, eager to tell her mother of her happiness, she tried to imagine how Sam would look after these fifteen years. Would his dark hair and eyes be as handsome as ever, and his cheeks as fresh? She thought of her own faded color and careworn eyes, for supporting her mother and herself on the small government salary had required many anxious hours. But Sam would be just the same. She could see him now as he used to saunter up to the post-office to walk home with her. His voice was always so pleasant and happy. Yes, Sam would be the same as he used to be. Tuesday could be arranged so that she could leave the office at noon and she would meet her lover at the gate in the same old way. Oh, it was all too good to be true!

A high-stepping horse and a smart gig stopped before the Bates's gate early on Tuesday afternoon. The one occupant climbed carefully down from his lofty seat and affectionately patting the animal's neck, turned towards the house. A brown derby, pushed back from his forehead, showed a mass of black curly hair which intensified the brilliant red of his cheeks. His suit was a loud black and white check and a still more startling waistcoat completed his costume. This gen-

tlemen was indeed a new type in New Cornwall! He pulled his moustache undecidedly as he walked up the path and then the door opened.

"Well, *Mary!*" "Well, *Sam!*" and as they clasped hands, each face lighted radiantly.

Often during the short week that followed, the little, high-stepping horse took them to drive, and one day, as they were returning by the steep wall of the pile of ledges, Sam suddenly reined in the horse.

"Mary," he said, "I have an idea! I'm what they would call rich here in New Cornwall, mighty rich, in fact, and I have an idea. I am going to build a castle up on top of the cliffs for you and me, and it's going to be the biggest thing in this part of the country. The view is grand from up there, and it'll make a fine place for our castle."

"A castle!" gasped Mary. "Why, Sam, what do you mean?"

"That's just what I mean. Senator Steele has got one out in Wisconsin,—towers, battlements, and all those things, you know,—and when I was there last spring I thought I'd like to have one just like it here," explained Sam, and it was evident that he meant what he said.

Scarcely a month later, New Cornwall was filled with hundreds of laborers, sent down from the city. The architects had taken up Sam Robinson's idea with remarkable enthusiasm. Within a year, towers rose above the field-stone walls and sight-seers came from miles about to view the building of the great castle. Every townsman looked upon it with pride, and congratulated Mary Bates in his homely way. But Mary was not happy. Sam was not the same Sam she had worshipped as a young girl. To her his face had grown cold, and the mouth behind the black moustache was almost heartless. Sam's eyes were no longer pleasantly bright, but seemed sharp and hard. After all, she couldn't expect him to look the same. She loved him still—yes, she loved him—but Sam was different, she often sighed.

New Cornwall never invested heavily in stocks by any means,—it was too poor,—but in the great wave of prosperity in '86 many of the most conservative of the old town placed most of their hard-earned savings in Standard Copper. To all appearances it was destined to

be the most successful investment of years, and as its quotations soared up, more and more invested. Then the crash came! Sam Robinson was behind it, every one guessed, and before long the whole town, fairly poverty-stricken by the bubble, hated its too brilliant offspring. The men sneered as they looked up at the gray towers and timbered gables that were the monuments of their years of patient labor. The post-mistress heard sarcastic laughs and felt the coldness which inevitably was vented upon her. "The Baroness," they termed her sometimes, and naturally, though unjustly, treated her as if she had had a hand in their financial ruin. It was not long before Mary had learned the details of the case, and her blood boiled,—first that they should accuse Sam of such a trick, and after the truth had made itself clear, that Sam could have done such a thing.

She had promised to marry him, but if these charges of her fellow-townsmen were true, she could not bring herself to do it. And yet she had kept him waiting fifteen years, she thought, forgetting the true facts of the case. In one of the sleepless nights that followed, it occurred to Mary that perhaps Sam had really no intention of robbing his townsmen, and if he knew of their misfortune he would be glad to make up their losses at his own expense. He was so rich. She wrote to him the following morning, explaining the situation in New Cornwall, and proposing her method of justice. Mary made clear her feeling in the matter, and, in closing, wrote, "If these charges *are* true, I am disappointed and grieved beyond words, and without just restoration to my townspeople it will be impossible for you ever to think of calling me your wife." She cried as she read it through. But Sam would do the right thing, she argued, and anxiously awaited his reply.

Within two weeks Samuel Robinson arrived in New Cornwall to talk over the situation with Mary. They were sitting in the tiny, forlorn parlor of the Bates cottage, which had become dearer to the post-mistress every time she wandered through the enormous halls and rambling, unfinished rooms of the Castle.

"Sam," began Mary, "is all this true, about your making a fortune at the expense of all these good people, whom I love, and who have always loved me, until now?"

"Why,—yes, I suppose it is," returned the broker coldly. "But you don't see how it is, Mary, it's just business. They knew they were taking a risk, same as I was. You see, if they had sold out at the right time, they'd have come out all right, and with a good little profit, too. It's their own fault if they got stuck with the stock on their hands when I sold out mine. They'll get over it all right!"

"You can't mean that, Sam! Oh, I can't believe it of you, I can't believe it!" cried Mary with a sob in her voice. "You will make it up to them, I know, now that you see how things are."

"Make *what* up to them?"

"All their patient savings, Sam; you know we are all poor here. Just think,—your own townspeople!"

Sam Robinson scowled, and the hard lines of his forehead stood out clearly.

"Nonsense, Mary, I couldn't do that. You can't understand business, so you ought to keep out of it. Should *I* stand for their losses? That would be foolish."

Mary rose, forcing back her angry tears.

"Foolish," she cried, "foolish? Then it is foolish of you to talk of marrying me! That is all!" and she turned and hurried upstairs to her room.

.

Mary Bates is still post-mistress of New Cornwall; her gentle face, with its soft gray hair, is loved by old and young, by every person in the old town. Her mother died a dozen years ago, but Mary still lives in the little white cottage that has belonged to the Bates family for over a century. Sometimes when the last golden rays of sunset still light the gray towers of the unfinished ruin, the little post-mistress looks dreamingly from her window towards Robinson's Folly and murmurs, "Oh, I am happy,—happy,—happy, where I am."

Lawrence S. Mayo.

THE AGED POET'S SOLILOQUY

For seventy-nine long years, this summer-time,
Have I been laboring slowly with my pen,
To sing in words of music and of rhyme
The spirit-poetry of my fellow-men ;
And like a miner digging for his spoil,
My soul to me was as a fruitful earth,
Wherfrom the jewels of the rarest worth,
I took and wrought thereon with urgent toil.

And now the time is, when I lay aside
My axe and lantern by the cabin door ;
Not many mountain winters more shall glide
Deathward, when I must leave to come no more.
Though I have wrought a portion of my art,
My spirit grieves, that men shall never know
The richer veins of gold that lay below,
The inmost marvel of my poet's heart.

J. S. Miller.

Editorial

Misunderstanding, lack of sympathy, is certainly the greatest source of evil and stagnation in the world at college, as well as outside. **The Professor** There are here a great number of apparently conflicting **and the Undergraduate** personalities, and it is hard for the average man to determine exactly what is admirable and what is not. Petty prejudices arise like mushrooms out of the soil of ignorance.

As a matter of fact it is probable, that if he could really know the actual meaning of all the various individuals around him here, he would realize the essential dignity and appeal of each one.

It seems strange that, in a university as large as Harvard, containing so many inspiring and distinguished teachers and intelligent and serious undergraduates, there should not be a greater intimacy between the two — a more human sympathy. This does not mean that they should meet to discuss books or study. All rational persons are interested in wider problems. There can be nothing more stimulating to a young man than the influence of an older and more thoughtful one, and it does not seem impossible that the latter might learn something from an intimate contact with other generations. It is the academic spirit which often chokes this sympathetic relation. If professors will look upon students, primarily, as the takers of courses, and not as young men; and if the undergraduate will look upon the older man as a professor, rather than as a human being — then there can certainly be no stimulating relation between them.

The truth is that, in many cases, old and young men are both striving for the same thing, and are not at all separated by the nebulous abyss which we imagine between teacher and student. As it is, most undergraduates pass through college, without any knowledge of, or sympathy with any of the older men. This ignorance and estrangement is mutual, both in its stupidity and evil consequences.

ROMANCE

Ah, it is sweet to linger at the close
 Of some loved book, before the unwilling page
Is turned at last on all the love and rage,
The tears and laughter! E'er the vision goes
To glance back through the garden, and to those
 Lately we walked with. . . . How time flies! Old age
Or death hath caught them. . . . But the pilgrimage,
Ah, it was sweet; yes, sad and sweet!

The rose

Perhaps grows sweeter in these garden walks
 Because of roses that bloomed long ago
And heard sweet lovers at their faded talks,
 All in the mellow moonlight whispered low
In these same alleys. . . . The still rows of stalks
 Trembled, I think, as they passed to and fro.

C. Henry Dickerman.

Book Notice

THE EARTH PASSION. By Arthur Davidson Ficke. Samurai Press.
1908.

This collection, with a title which suggests George William Russell's lyrics, is the third book of poems that Mr. Ficke has published within a few years' space. It shows technically a vast advance over the previous volumes; the individual quality emerges here for almost the first time. The development in mood and attitude, which one expects in a young poet's work, is by no means so evident. The poems are exquisite, significant sometimes, but always negative.

In the sonorous and many-voiced vagueness of impressionistic verse, Mr. Ficke, like one remote from the glorious reality and essentially vital beauty of to-day, laments the past and the irrevocable beauty of the world. It is the voice of Keats wearily lifted up in a later age —

— “ And what for us — in whom thy sickened breath
Lives out again its long, laborious day ” —

The pessimism of Swinburne, which is in reality but a small part of him, is felt throughout, and that master's style also has a natural and evident influence upon this poetry. Especially is this true of, “ Keats, An Elegy,” which reminds one much too strongly of, “ Ave atque Vale,” and of such lines as,

“ And grope for a lost, sweet rhyme ” —

which are technically too reminiscent.

In the anarchic antitheism of

— “ If there is God, he stands above
With fire and fury in his hands
To scourge the world as with a rod — ”

one feels it again.

These poems do not seem conscious of the prophetic hope and the new and intrinsically supreme moral, as well as emotional awakening of our own age, arising from the discovery of the underlying oneness of science and of art. Here the poet is still battling against progress, when he should rejoice in it. He apologizes, in the words of William Morris, for being, “ the idle singer of an empty day.” And well he should—for the day is no longer empty. It does not help matters much to suggest in closing,

“ — that we of mortal birth
Shall find fulfillment in our days,
Not in the dream of starry ways,
But somewhat closer to the earth — ”

He is not contemporary as yet, not vital to our modern life. His message is the message which Wordsworth offered the feverish nineteenth century. He also knew

“ That in our strong gigantic strife
. . . we have passed by
Peace — ”

Is this peace only to be found in the contemplation of nature! Here the twentieth century may differ with Wordsworth.

“ A Song of East and West ” comes nearer to catching the inspiring spirit of our own day than do the other poems, and is impressively sincere. Several songs are wholly charming and even something more.

Much might be said of these poems which the space here will not permit. They are like a tapestry woven out of the past and the

threads of many influences run plainly through them. Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, Tennyson, Swinburne, Verlaine, Yeats, Symons, A. E. have each here left an indelible mark. That perhaps the whole impression has individuality is the most that can yet be said. This impression lies in a certain delicate restraint and sincere simplicity of language.

J. H. W.

EPILOGUE

I have sung many songs for you sadly, what shall I sing,
O irrevocable love — now the veiled evening falls
Over my youth, and the vast and the mournful walls
Of my earlier dreams crumble down, slowly withering!
Night treads the heels of day, spring follows spring,
The dark hollowness and the horror of the starry halls,
The cruel vastness of the universe enrages me and appalls,
Wherein your dear memory falters on unavailing wing.

O unnamed belovèd! How have I done you this wrong!
Not age or the dusty doom or generations that are strong
Can crush the love, deep within me, that labors here for breath;
Higher than the orbs and the stars and the whirling wheels,
The worlds of inexorable matter, my spirit reels,
Drunk with a defiance stronger than the tyranny of death!

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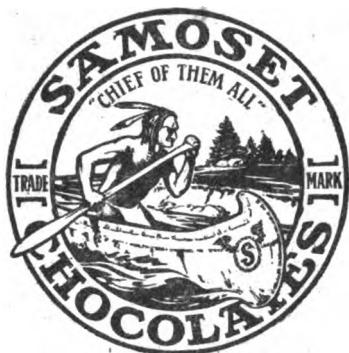
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